

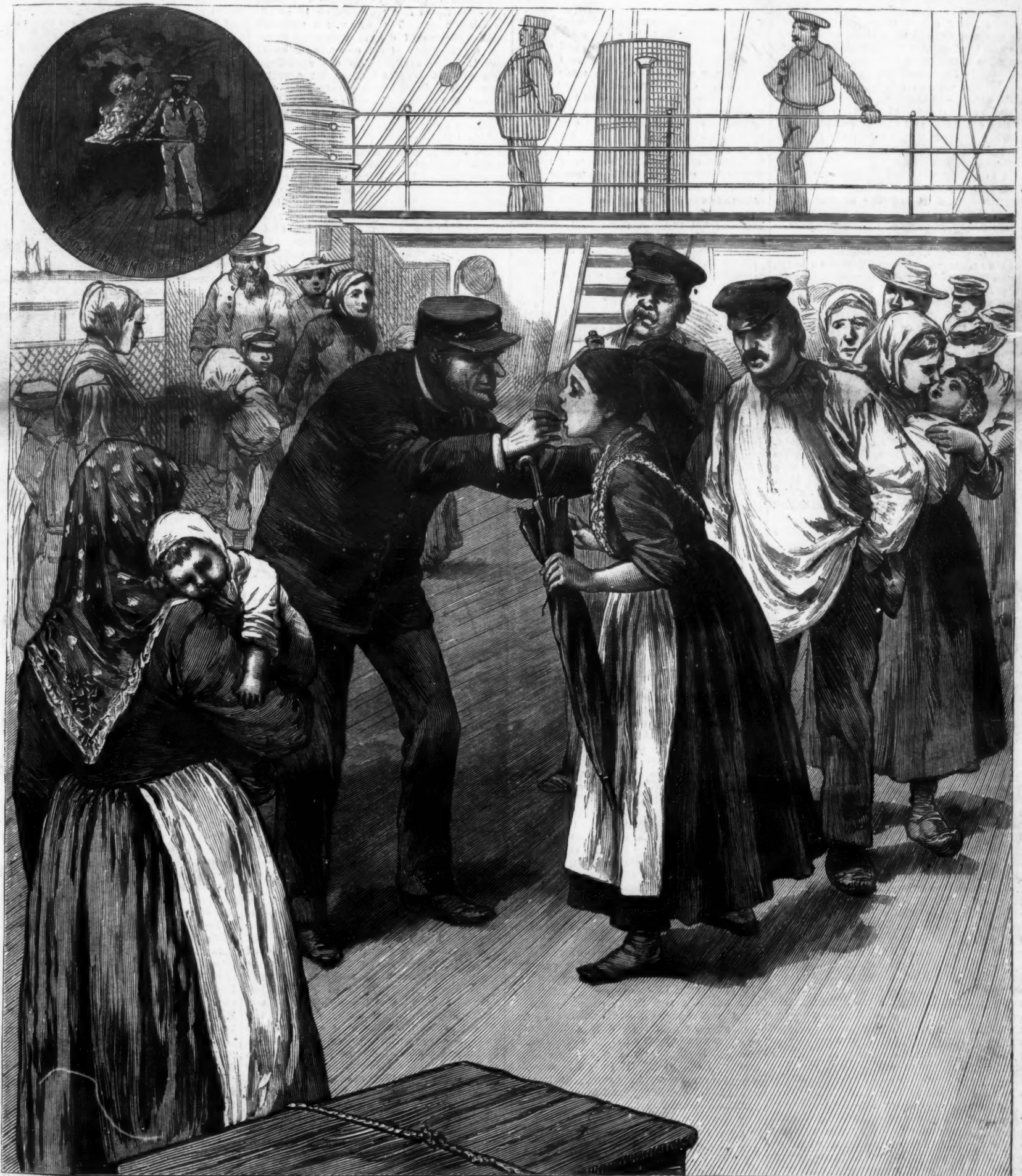
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1883, by Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.—Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

No. 1,456.—VOL. LVI.

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 18, 1883.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.
12 WEEKS, \$1.00]



QUARANTINE PRECAUTIONS AGAINST EPIDEMIC DISEASES.—EXAMINATION OF STEERAGE PASSENGERS ARRIVING AT NEW YORK FROM FOREIGN PORTS.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 423.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
35, 35 & 37 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
NEW YORK, AUGUST 18, 1883.

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

GENERAL CROOK'S report of his Mexican campaign against the Chiricahuas is a model of soldierly precision and force. He compresses into three newspaper columns the causes of his military invasion of a foreign country, the international arrangements which justified it, the nature and disposition of his forces, his strange march across the desolate plains of Mexico and into the recesses of the Sierra Madre where no civilized army ever trod before; his scaling of the stronghold of the savages in the midst of the mountain solitudes; his capture of it without bloodshed, while the Indians, thinking it secure, were scattered on their raids; his surprise of one of their camps with little carnage; their terror and demoralization on finding in their Mexican fastnesses, deemed impregnable, the military forces of the United States; their abject offers of surrender; his mode of dealing with them—worthy of the civilized soldier dealing with the savage; his return with 325 captives, including fifty-two men and the most important chiefs; his reasons for believing that all will follow; and then—the most important matter of his report—his delineation of the Indian character and habits, and his views of the manner in which this poor horde of savage captives should be dealt with by its civilized captors.

It is an intensely interesting story, and though it contains few records of carnage or prowess in fight, it is full of suggestion for those who are pondering with painful interest upon what we call the Indian Problem. These outlaws are part of a body of 6,000 Apaches who were driven in 1873 into a reservation so that the vast regions over which they roamed might be safe for the advancing tide of civilization which must roll on to the Pacific. But crowding them into a reservation did not alter the fact, so vigorously stated by General Crook, that "the Apache Indian represents generations of blood and warfare. From his earliest infancy he has had to defend himself against enemies as cruel as the beasts of the mountain and forest. His own nature differs but little from that of the wolf or coyote." Ten years cannot change the hereditary qualities of a race. The Chiricahuas, a band of these Indians, broke away last year from their boundaries and sought the natural refuge of the Sierra Madre Mountains. Thence, pursuing their traditions and impelled by their nature, they have been raiding far and wide, and spreading terror amongst the sparse settlers on the borders of Mexico and the United States. Now, assailed in their stronghold, and dreading extermination by their civilized masters, they agree to return to their appointed place. General Crook, knowing their ways, carries off his few hundred captives and waits for the rest to follow. Meanwhile he tells the country plainly what should be done with them. The substance of his admonition is, consider what these poor savages are; receive them back without passion, for "vengeance is just as much to be deprecated as silly sentimentalism"; you cannot select and convict the individual perpetrators of outrages, nor can you in cold blood butcher the whole tribe; you must watch them, warn them, and teach them justice; you should not even disarm them, but show them how much more powerful you are than they, with their best weapons; thus at last you may quiet and control them, and thus, in the long run, civilization will assert a humane mastery over the savage, and the Indian races with their vast heritage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, will be absorbed into the United States, and form a part of the civilization of this continent.

This is General Crook's idea, and whether it is approved or not, depends upon the standpoint from which it is considered. The spirit of the border which deems the Indian not at all better than the wolf or coyote, will oppose it; but the spirit of humanity, which would treat these vital forces of savage life as we deal with the destructive forces of nature—with science and not with passion—will uphold it. We cannot blow a troop of captured mutineers from the mouths of cannon as the British did in the Sepoy rebellion, and we hold it to be just as true of a tribe of marauding savages as Burke did of the revolted Colonies, that we cannot frame an indictment against a whole people.

We praise Lord Lawrence for his efforts to mitigate the horrors of British vengeance after the revolt in India, but General Crook's attitude is nobler still, when he pleads for mercy for the savage, and asserts that "it is unjust to punish him for a violation of a code of war which he has never learned, and which he can with difficulty understand. All that we can reasonably do is to keep him under such

supervision that he cannot plan new outbreaks without running the risk of immediate detection. For these new acts of race-hatred punish him so severely that he will know we mean no nonsense. As rapidly as possible make a distinction between those who mean to do good and those who secretly desire to remain as they are. Encourage the former and punish the latter. Let the Apache see that he has something to gain by proper behavior and something to lose by not falling in with the new order of things."

These are wise words, and they come from the soldier best trained in the long conflict with the savage races. With due support from the Government and the people, that conflict will soon end, and a "new order of things" with respect to the Indian Problem will be firmly established.

THE NATIONAL BANKS.

THE large reduction in the interest-bearing debt of the United States during the past fiscal year—over \$125,000,000—and the recent call of the Secretary of the Treasury for the outstanding remainder of the three and one-half per cent. continued bonds, naturally brings up the question of what effect these movements are having, or are calculated to have, upon the national banks? The growing scarcity and consequent high prices of Government bonds have for a number of years made it less and less an object for the banks to keep up the previous amount of circulation, or for new banks to organize under the national system. Besides, the law to extend the corporate existence of national banks, approved July 12th, 1882, contains a section which was calculated to result in a reduction of the circulation. Before that time the minimum amount of bonds which a national bank was bound to deposit in the Treasury as security for its circulation was \$50,000; but the Act mentioned provides that banks having \$150,000 capital or less shall not be required to deposit bonds to a greater amount than one-fourth of their capital stock, the circulation to be limited as before to ninety per cent. of the face value of the bonds.

It was expected, and it was said at the time that the Comptroller of the Currency expressed the opinion, that this would result in the establishment of more small banks, but that the aggregate circulation would be reduced. The returns to the Comptroller of May 1st last show that the national banks were never in a stronger condition as regards the number of banks, the aggregate capital and the aggregate surplus. But, notwithstanding this, the monthly statement issued from the Comptroller's office shows that the circulation outstanding on August 1st was \$355,024,266, against \$357,976,083 on August 1st, 1882, a reduction of \$2,951,817.

Of the \$32,000,000 of bonds included in the last call of the Secretary, and which will be paid by November 1st, \$7,303,500 are held by the banks and deposited in the Treasury as security for circulation, so that to keep the latter up to the present amount the banks will have to purchase other Government bonds in a market where they are already scarce and are growing scarcer every day. But the last call will undoubtedly be followed by others in due time. The surplus of revenue over expenditure during the last fiscal year was nearly \$138,000,000. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue estimates, on the basis of the receipts for the fiscal year 1883, that the annual receipts of his department will be reduced by about \$42,000,000. But, at a low estimate, and making allowance for reduced customs receipts, the public debt will continue to be reduced at the rate of \$60,000,000 to \$75,000,000 per year. The total amount of bonds now applicable as a basis for circulation is \$1,389,000,000, and of these the banks now hold for the purpose \$357,000,000, while a large portion of the remainder are held by individuals who will scarcely part with them on any terms.

It is evident from these figures that our national banking system is on the road to extinction unless there shall be some change in the law as regards the basis of their circulation. Their foundation is now being steadily washed away. A movement is projected with the object of repealing the present tax of one per cent. per annum of the circulation. The grounds upon which the exemption is claimed are, that it is a war tax, and the banks cannot afford to pay it under the present conditions. But this at best would be only a temporary expedient to save the banks, and it is very doubtful if the proposal would be well received by Congress. If the national banking system is worth saving, as it is, it ought to be at once placed on a secure and permanent basis.

A DISGRACEFUL SPECTACLE.

NO more lawless spectacle under protection of the law, no performance more disgraceful to our boasted superior civilization, has been witnessed in a long time than the recent fight in this city between the Boston brute, Sullivan, and the Maori

brute, Slade. The only possible justification or excuse for it is found in the fact that all classes, from the lowest criminals to those holding highest social rank, united in doing the occasion the dubious honor of their presence. It must be admitted that there were more professional thieves, burglars and miscellaneous "crooks" in the audience than there were bank presidents, respectable merchants, brokers, "statesmen" and other professional politicians; but there were enough of the latter to give countenance and a quasi-moral support to the exhibition. It may be a high and ennobling thing to see one bruiser "knocked silly" by a more powerful or more scientific bruiser, but the chances are that the more decent minority of those present will be morally injured rather than that the Sing Sing majority will be elevated by it. It is a singular commentary, indeed, on the alleged progress and upward tendency of the Nineteenth Century that such an incongruous crowd, many thousands in number, could be brought together in the chief city of the greatest of modern nations, for such a purpose.

It is still more strange, viewed in the light of common decency even, that the millionaire owner of Madison Square Garden should rent the building to be put to such a use. That one worth two hundred millions of dollars would so insult the moral sense of the community which has largely contributed to the accumulation of that colossal fortune, for a paltry thousand dollars, would scarcely be conceived if the fact did not exist. This is not a new form, perhaps, but it is certainly a deadly and practical one, of letting "the public be blanked." There is, to say the least, a singular and sinister inconsistency in the history of the Madison Square Garden, which has echoed to the revival songs of Moody and Sankey, and the infernal pandemonium of the blacklegs and "plug uglies," who shouted themselves hoarse over the "knocking out" of Sullivan's antagonist.

That the young sons of gentlemen, and the fathers themselves, should suddenly find they had business in New York which brought them here from Saratoga, Newport, Long Branch, Philadelphia, Boston, and no end of other places, in time to attend the "slugging match," is one of the anomalous features of the affair. That the police should have permitted the fighting of the three rounds is not a surprise to those who know how some of our police captains are "influenced." But when one reads that in Boston—the Hub of the Universe, the Modern Athens, the home of all refinement, the head centre of all true culture, the Cradle of Liberty, the site of Bunker Hill and the Mausoleum of the Revolutionary spirit—a mob of 25,000 turned out to greet the return of Sullivan, their quite too æsthetic shoulder-bitter, there is a surprise, indeed, that possesses food for reflection devoid of all elements of comfort to the right-minded citizen.

In all manly, athletic sports, designed to develop the physical man and so make more perfect the mind as well as the body, there is legitimate gratification as well as undisputed benefit. Unfortunately, there is a tendency in rowing, baseball, and like sports, to degenerate into mere gambling tournaments; but the worst of all is the innocent boxing which is superseded by the prize fight. If the laws are inadequate to its suppression, and the officers of the law are disinclined to see that existing laws are properly executed, the one should be revised and the latter should themselves be put where they will not use their shields and clubs for the protection of the worst type of criminals as against the best interests of the community.

THE COMING OPERA SEASON.

THE coming Winter and Spring New York will have a period of Grand Opera unparalleled in her history. Rival managers, supported by wealthy syndicates, have been scouring Europe for tenors, sopranos and contraltos, offering prices that have tempted Old World artists to break their contracts with European impresarios, so that they may stand under the golden shower. How far the exorbitant figures demanded and acceded to will bear unfavorably on the financial prospects of Colonel Mapleson and Mr. Abbey, it is scarcely pertinent to inquire, although there is a calm feeling of satisfaction abroad that some of the wealthier of our citizens are to pocket a liberal loss on the season after the manner of a subvention such as exists with the Continental Powers. With this the public has no reason to complain as a mere circumstance; but it seems preposterous that artists like Patti and Campanini should exact more than twice the sum for crossing the ocean to sing that they receive in Europe. It has the effect of making operatic art in its highest form an exclusive institution among the rich, who, as a rule, have less musical culture and appreciation than those of very moderate income.

Many leading artists have often, both in public and private, declared that they would sooner sing to an American audience

than to any other in the world. The reason for this is not strange. There is actually more musical apprehension, a keener ear for delicate gradations of sound and poetical expression, in an American audience at the opera than in a similar gathering in any other land. In London for instance, that most unmusical of all classes, the gentry and aristocracy, attend the opera as a fashionable duty, and the rapturous outbursts of admiration and the tireless encores heard in our Academy would there be considered "a little too noisy, you know." Artists, be they ever so famous and experienced, hunger for approval, and the ovation can never be too hearty or pronounced for them. It is largely this fact, and the knowledge which they discover on arriving in America that there is a musical education, as widely diffused as the system of common schools, that make prima-donnas like Patti and Nilsson return to the country where popular demonstrations are dearer to them than a nod from the royal box or the neatly turned compliments of dukes and peers. It is one of the best signs of our civilization, too, that the piano goes almost hand-in-hand with the sewing-machine. There is scarcely a respectable farmhouse in the Union where one of these instruments cannot be found, and it is safe to say that the aggregate number is larger than that of all Europe combined. Add to this fact the additional one that American pianos are acknowledged the best in the world, and the high grade of excellence to which our amateurs attain in every village and hamlet, will account for the national craze for music. It is true that in the higher development of the musical art—that is, in composition—we must look to the Old World. Our feebleness in this regard, as in dramatic literature, is a lamentable circumstance, when the average of the musical taste and culture is so high, and when it is considered that so many fine singers and actors adorn the annals of our stage. Whether this be a managerial fault, an indisposition to give the native creation a hearing, or whether it is actual poverty of resource, the fact still remains that there is no such thing as an American opera of respectable fame.

With the opening of the Metropolitan Opera House it may be said that a new era begins in our musical history. Under a distinctively American management the public, without any disposition to turn the cold shoulder to Colonel Mapleson, will support Mr. Abbey in a generous and hearty way, feeling that he knows the temper and tastes of his own countrymen from his wide and successful managerial career. Although his English rival will have Patti and Gerster, the former of whom is the greatest singer of this generation, the New Yorkers, and Americans generally, have a tender feeling for Mine Nilsson, the purity of whose life and the sweetness of whose song have sunk deeply into the popular heart. The splendid Opera House, too, which has a full capacity of 6,000 people, is scarcely overmatched in its interior by the Grand Opera House of Paris and La Scala of Milan; and, altogether, it may be said that opera will, for the first time, appear in a manner not surpassed in the great European musical centres.

THE PETROLEUM TRADE.

NEW YORK is gradually acquiring complete control of the petroleum traffic on the Atlantic seaboard, and the fact is exciting considerable comment in Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. Cleveland is the main centre in the West for the refining of petroleum, and New York is not only becoming the chief refining point in the East, but is steadily absorbing the trade with foreign marts. Oil is brought three hundred miles by pipe lines from Olean, Pennsylvania, to Bayonne, on the New York Bay, and refineries formerly in operation at Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Boston, have been closed, and the trade has increased at Hunter's Point.

A short time ago 137 vessels were loading petroleum at the four Atlantic ports, and of this number no less than 104 were at New York. As regards the foreign exports from the United States they have thus far this year reached 271,365,931 gallons, of which only 38,039,000 gallons have been shipped by New York's greatest rival, Philadelphia. Baltimore has sent abroad only 5,655,000 gallons, and Boston but 2,700,000 gallons, while New York has exported 224,794,000 gallons. Philadelphia is suffering the most from New York competition, but Boston makes the loudest complaint. Boston is not considered a natural emporium for the trade, whereas Philadelphia is in some respects well adapted for it; and yet her exports show a decrease this year of more than 12,000,000 gallons.

It is the will of the Standard Oil Company that New York shall be the chief petroleum mart of the world; but it is well to remember that if the metropolis has this advantage, she has for years been obliged to contend against the low rates of freight granted to Baltimore and Philadel-

phia refiners on the railroads leading into those cities. It is a long lane that has no turn.

Over 17,000 producing wells, yielding 63,292 barrels daily, and a stock at the various points of accumulation amounting to 35,755,824 barrels, make the petroleum traffic one of the foremost industries in the world of commerce, and it is certainly to be hoped that New York will secure and retain her rightful share of it.

There appears to be no good without its concomitant evil, however, and as New York's legitimate business in petroleum increases there is a decided augmentation in the speculation. Two Petroleum Boards keep the speculators busy; nearly 24,000,000 barrels were "sold" last week; from 7,000,000 to 17,000,000 barrels, or certificates for that amount, are sold in a day, and yet the actual production per diem is only 63,000 barrels. It is certainly to be regretted that the mania for speculation has assumed such proportions as these figures indicate.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE quiet which has long prevailed in Spain is at last broken by revolutionary uprisings in different parts of the country. The first outbreak occurred in the province of Badajoz, on the Portuguese frontier, where the 700 troops who garrisoned the capital of the province revolted and pronounced for a republic, the Constitution of 1869, and Ruiz Zorrilla for President. The leader of the movement was a colonel with a record of thirty years' service, and he was joined by other high officers, under whose direction the men robbed the treasury and seized the fortress. The rebels, however, received little popular support, and when loyal troops were sent to suppress the outbreak, the revolutionists fled across the Portuguese border, where they were arrested by the authorities of that country. The movement, indeed, appeared to be a *fiasco*, and there seemed some foundation for the theory advanced by the Government that the outbreak was only a part of the programme of a ring of speculators anxious to impair the public credit. Other outbreaks, however, soon occurred, which indicate that the Badajoz affair may have been something more than a sporadic movement. A cavalry regiment revolted at Santo Domingo, the garrison at Leo de Urgel followed their example, and a disturbance of some sort occurred at Barcelona. The outbreaks are not important in themselves, but they appear significant as indications of general discontent. The Government is evidently impressed with their gravity, and a state of siege has been proclaimed throughout Spain, while a royal decree has been issued suspending constitutional guarantees and dismissing the civil and military officials of Badajoz. A prominent republican represents that several superior officers of the army favor the establishment of a republic, and that an outbreak in the republican interest is imminent in the principal towns, while the Carlists are also preparing to act in the North. Zorrilla, who is in Paris, disavows any connection with the movement, but the Spanish authorities appear suspicious of him.

The Tonquin situation remains unchanged, though the French are encouraged by the fact that the death of Hoang-Nam, the reigning Tuduc or King of Anam, has led to a quarrel over the succession. The French, however, will be unable to assume the offensive before November, and the unhealthy season is decimating their forces. The impression prevails at Hong Kong that China is playing a waiting game, which is costing the French much and the Chinese little. There is no change in the Madagascar situation, except that Admiral Pierre, whose conduct at Tamstave towards the British Consul and others caused so much feeling in England, has asked to be replaced forthwith, on the convenient plea of ill-health. The British Government are so satisfied with the latest reports from this quarter that transports will no longer be held in readiness for immediate service, and the threatened trouble between France and England is evidently past.

The trial of the five Liverpool dynamite prisoners on the charge of treason-felony, has resulted in the conviction of all but one, and their sentence to life-long penal servitude. The informers prove to be white elephants which the Government does not know how to dispose of. Kavanagh and others of the number were refused permission to land at Melbourne, and have been transferred to a British ironclad, but their ultimate destination is unknown. Ireland is unusually quiet, and Mr. Gladstone in his speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet declared that the authority of the law had been reasserted there, and peace and security prevailed. As to Egypt, he repeated on the same occasion his previous declarations that the Government did not intend a permanent occupation of that country, though he held out no hope of the early departure of the English. The House of Commons has passed to a second reading by a decisive majority the National Debt Bill, which proposes to replace terminable annuities expiring in 1885, and will in twenty years cancel £173,000,000 of the national debt.

Fresh attacks upon the Jews have occurred in Hungary and Russia. The acquittal of the Jews charged with murdering a Christian girl at Niegnyhaza was followed by a riotous attack upon Joseph Scharf, the chief defendant, his family and a number of his countrymen. The disorder became so great that the military had to be called out. The Jewish residents of Ekateroslav, Russia, were attacked by a mob, but having been warned in time they escaped with their lives, while a number of the rioters were killed by the troops.

King Cetewayo turns out to be alive, after all, having taken refuge in an isolated kraal after the late battle in Zululand and escaped

with two wounds in the leg.—The Emperors of Germany and Austria have had a cordial meeting at Ischl.—M. Feuilleant, editor of the *Paris Gaulois*, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for inciting the men who participated in the Socialist demonstration on March 9th to advance on the Elysée, the residence of President Grévy.—The cholera scourge in Egypt is gradually abating, although the deaths still reach hundreds daily.

THE movement for effective regulation of the liquor traffic is making progress at the South, as well as in the North. The Georgia Legislature has just passed a general local option law, which allows each county to decide for itself whether liquor shall be sold within its limits. The system has already been applied in many counties through special Acts, and prohibition has thus been brought about by local sentiment in many communities throughout the State.

THE Prohibitionists of Maine would seem to be justified in the claim that prohibition in that State is at least a partial success. Recent reports from agents in the various towns show that there are forty-five saloons where liquor is openly sold outside of Bangor, and four hundred and forty-three secret or suspected places, while there are three hundred and thirty-three towns and plantations where the sale is not even suspected, and in each of which, in other days, there were from three to twenty places for its sale. If these figures are correct, they are certainly conclusive as to the positive advantages of prohibition. There is no other Eastern State which can boast over three hundred towns in which there is no sale, or suspicion of the sale, of intoxicating liquors.

THE political situation in Ohio seems to be growing more and more unfavorable for the Democrats. The disclosures in reference to the use of money by Judge Hoadly and his friends in procuring the gubernatorial nomination, and his ill-advised speeches on one or two occasions, have injured him greatly with independent voters and the right-thinking men of his party; and if the election were to be held immediately, his defeat would be almost certain. Possibly he may recover from the effects of his imprudence, but the chances are clearly against him. The facility with which he has boxed the political compass does not commend him to men of stable opinions, and his volubility and familiarity with the arts of the mere politician are factors which are likely to prove more harmful than helpful in the present temper of the public mind.

Most of the members of the American Rifle Team have returned from England, and all unite in testifying to the cordial friendliness of their treatment abroad. They agree that the principal cause of their defeat in the international match was the "beastly" weather, to which they were unaccustomed, but which made no difficulty whatever to the Englishmen. Then the targets were so placed that the sun was behind them and glared full in the faces of the men. At Creedmoor the targets are arranged so that the sun shines on them and is at the back of those who are shooting. This was another fruitful cause of confusion to the Americans. The feeling is general among the British Volunteers that a team will be sent here next year for a return match, and it is believed that a team can be selected which will beat them.

"CROSSING the ocean ferry" has become the diversion of a week or less, so that one may take his Sunday breakfast in New York and set foot in Queenstown to the ringing of the next Sunday's bells. One of the most remarkable of recent trips was made by the magnificent steamship, *City of Rome*, of the Anchor line, which, in spite of four hours' detention by fog, made the run from Queenstown to Sandy Hook in seven days two hours and twenty-two minutes, and from shore to shore—that is, from Fastnet Rock, off the Irish coast, to Fire Island—in six days and twenty-two hours. In one day this leviathan of the deep made a distance of 429 miles. Her officers and crew are naturally exultant over her display of speed, but it is understood that they claim she will yet do better.

AMONG the many victims of the telegraphers' strike, Senator Butler, of South Carolina, seems to have peculiar reason for complaint. A fortnight or so ago he made a speech at Macon, in that State, in which he advocated introduction of German immigrants into South Carolina as a substitute for the 200,000 negroes, whom he is willing to let go. In the transmission of the speech to a New York paper, the "efficient" operators transformed "German" immigrants into "Mormon" immigrants, and the Senator was made to figure as a volunteer apostle of the Latter Day Saints. At once several journals assailed him in vigorous terms, and before the error could be corrected, thousands of people had become persuaded that he was a monster of iniquity. If anybody has cause of action against the operators or the Western Union for defective service, clearly it is the Senator from South Carolina.

THE decision of the Fisheries Commission in 1877 that the United States must pay \$5,500,000 for the right of in-shore fishing in Canadian waters, as well as give Canadian fish a free market in this country, caused great dissatisfaction when first announced, and the feeling has grown ever since. The discontent of our fishermen was increased when Professor Henry Youle Hind, a Canadian *attaché* of the Commission, charged that the reports of the Dominion fish trade were deliberately falsified in order to deceive the Commission into a large money award. It is now some years

since Professor Hind first formulated this charge, but although he made his accusations so specific that it seemed impossible for a self-respecting Government to neglect them, neither the English nor the Canadian authorities have ever paid them any attention. The Professor has recently reiterated his charges in even more detail than before, and it will certainly be extremely discreditable to Great Britain if she longer submits to the accusation that she has defrauded a friendly nation out of over five million dollars without making an honest investigation of the whole subject.

THE public has been so frequently disgusted of late years by family controversies over disputed wills that it is refreshing to find a case where other principles have governed the disposition of a rich man's estate. Three months ago Mr. Amasa Stone, of Cleveland, O., died, leaving an estate of several millions and a will which appointed his two sons-in-law, Colonel John Hay and Mr. Samuel Mather, as executors. In fulfilling their trust these gentlemen adopted the rule of carrying out the testator's obvious wishes, rather than regarding the strict letter of the law, and of rectifying some obvious blunders arising from Mr. Stone's forgetfulness. It was found, for instance, that some of the bequests, including a munificent one to Adelbert College, were invalid because they had been made within too short a period before Mr. Stone's death, but the executors took no advantage of this circumstance. Many private bequests had been made payable in certain securities at their face value, but as these securities had depreciated after the making of the will, the executors paid them in cash. Finding that the dead man had unintentionally omitted some of his relatives from the list of beneficiaries, the executors paid them in the same proportion as those who were mentioned in the will. In these and other such ways Messrs. Hay and Mather have paid out several hundred thousand dollars, and their action is the more creditable from the fact that it diminished by so much the residue of the estate, which was by the will to be divided between themselves.

THE President is now enjoying as pleasant an experience as he has had since he entered the White House. In the early part of last week he left the railroad and civilization in Wyoming for the wilds of the Yellowstone. The first days' trip involved a ride of a hundred miles in a spring wagon, drawn by mules, over a country covered by sage and brush, and inhabited chiefly by antelopes, sage hares, and mule rabbits. The next day's ride was completed at an Indian reservation, where the red men turned out in their gayest attire to welcome the Great Father. The President happily thanked his visitors for calling on him and congratulated them on their fine appearance. He assured them of his interest in their welfare and of his satisfaction upon hearing of their exemplary conduct and their growing attention to industrial pursuits. His address, which was admirably suited to the occasion, was interpreted to the Shoshones by an English-speaking member of their tribe, and to the Arapahoes by one of their number who was educated at the Carlisle school. The chiefs then shouted to their respective tribes what had been said to them by their Great Father, and the announcement was received with demonstrations of approval. Subsequently, one of the Indian chiefs presented to the President a handsome pony for the use of his daughter, and gifts of moccasins and leggings were presented to the members of the party. After a day's rest at the reservation the party took horses for the Yellowstone Park, and, when last heard from, all were well and enjoying the trip immensely, the President most of all. Some of the Democratic papers are raising a howl about "junketing," but the average citizen sees no reason why the President should not have his vacation as much as any other man, and the country at large will not grudge Mr. Arthur the pleasures of his outing.

MR. HENRY GEORGE wholly errs in a matter of fact when he says "the labor-saving inventions of which our country has been so strikingly prolific have wholly failed to improve the condition of laborers." Such statements show that Mr. George, so far from being prepared to write upon political economy, has not yet begun to read. A hundred years ago the bread of the people in Great Britain was made of barley, rye, or oats—the little wheat that was raised being reserved for the rich. The present condition of the poor of England is affected by so many other conditions, including, chiefly, the "free trade" which Mr. George so much delights in, and the entire absence of any "tariff robbery," that we will not now suggest any comparison with that condition, since Mr. George might be led to attribute the elegant fare to which these people are treated to Free Trade and that "large loaf" which Cobden promised them as a reward for desisting from the effort to grow their own breadstuffs. But in the United States to-day the white wheat bread commonly eaten by the laboring poor averages better than that eaten by the nobility in England a century ago. That variety of meats, sauces, breads and vegetables, of sedatives or narcotics, such as tea, coffee, cocoa, chocolate, etc., which is now common in the houses of the laborers, was then rare in the houses of the wealthy. Window-glass, then a luxury, has become as cheap as shingles. In fact, the articles now consumed in a day by the poor would then have cost more nearly a month's than a day's labor to obtain them. Mr. George must know that in America, where protectionists claim that our higher rates of wages, as contrasted with those obtaining abroad, are due to protection, the free trader promptly replies: "No, they are due to our greater abundance of land and our larger use of agricultural machinery."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

SAN FRANCISCO has instituted a rigid quarantine against cholera.

THE strike of the telegraph operators is still maintained without essential change in the situation.

CANADA is alarmed over the report of another conspiracy to blow up and destroy the Welland Canal.

ADVICES from Newfoundland state that many of the vessels engaged in seal-catching have been very successful.

LARGE delegations of Knights Templar started from the East last week to San Francisco, to attend the Grand Conclave in that city.

THERE are indications of another railroad war in the West, consequent upon the cutting of rates on some of the lines between Chicago and St. Louis.

THE Kentucky distillers have adopted measures looking to united action by the whisky interest for the protection of the trade against hostile legislation.

ARCHITECT RICHARD M. HUNT's plan for the pedestal of the Bartholdi statue has been adopted by the committee, and the base of the pedestal is to be finished this Fall.

A VIOLENT type of dysentery prevails in West Liberty, Iowa, and vicinity. A number of deaths have occurred, and the physicians are scarcely able to provide for the sick.

THE second annual meeting of the National Educational Assembly was held at Ocean Grove, N. J., last week. Addresses were made and papers read by many eminent educationalists.

THERE were 168 failures in the United States during the past week—13 more than in the preceding week, 73 more than in the same week in 1882, and 62 more than in the same week in 1881.

THE sixty-ninth anniversary of the bombardment of Stonington, Conn., by the British, under Sir Thomas Hardy, was celebrated on the 10th instant by a military and civic display, boat-races and illumination of the town.

JUDGE HAIGHT, of the Supreme Court, has refused to vacate a previous injunction restraining the elevated railroad companies in New York city from carrying out the "merger agreement" and preventing the payment of dividends under it.

THE citizens' committee appointed by Mayor Edson of New York to examine the securities in possession of the Comptroller's office, found that the amount corresponded with that given by ex-Comptroller Campbell in his final report of July 31st, 1883.

THE Attorney-general has rendered an opinion that the State of New York is not entitled under existing law to payment of interest on money borrowed to meet expenses of the late war, though he admits the claim is a just one against the Federal Government.

THE police, as required by law, have just completed a census of the voting population of Baltimore. The whole number entitled to suffrage is 81,463, of whom 69,630 are white and 11,933 colored. This is a slight decrease from the number a year ago.

A TERRIBLE hailstorm passed over three counties in Iowa last week, destroying everything in its path, which was four miles wide. The growing crops were leveled to the ground, cattle were killed, railway trains were blocked, and other property was destroyed.

THE Photographists' Association of America met in annual session at Milwaukee, Wis., last week, with 1,600 delegates in attendance, making it the largest gathering of the kind ever held in the world. Elaborate exhibitions of work were made by leading photographers.

A GRAND reunion of the survivors of the battle of Wilson's Creek, in which General Nathaniel Lyon was killed, was held at Springfield, Mo., last week. Several thousand persons were present, including veterans of both the Union and Confederate armies from Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa, Kansas and Louisiana.

THE centennial anniversary of the battle of Bushy Run, Pa., was celebrated August 6th on the battlefield, six miles from Greensburg and twenty-four from Philadelphia, in the presence of fully 20,000 spectators. It was on this field, one hundred years ago, that Col. Bouquet defeated the federation of Indians while on his march to Fort Duquesne, and practically opened a thoroughfare to the West.

THE annual meeting of the American Forestry Congress was held at St. Paul, Minnesota, last week. The address of the president stated that the condition of forestry is improving; clearings in the old settled parts of the country are being filled up with trees, so that in Ohio, Maine, New York, and other States the acreage of forests is growing constantly greater. In other States where the subject of forestry has gained some attention it is also on the gain.

THE Ohio Liquor-dealers' Protective Association met in convention at Toledo last week to organize for the Fall campaign. Resolutions were adopted declaring that the Scott Bill was conceived in demagogism, was unjust, unwarrantable and tyrannical; that all classes of persons were interested in warring against the Scott law, which would otherwise result in the undermining of all democratic institutions of the country; that, in consequence of the aforesaid action of the Republican Party, the association should act with the Democracy politically in the coming campaign.

Foreign.

FLOODS in Egypt are feared owing to an unusually rapid rise of the Nile.

HARTMANN, the Nihilist, has arrived in London to make arrangements for a Socialist congress.

M. TRICOT, the French Ambassador to China, has asked to be recalled on account of ill-health.

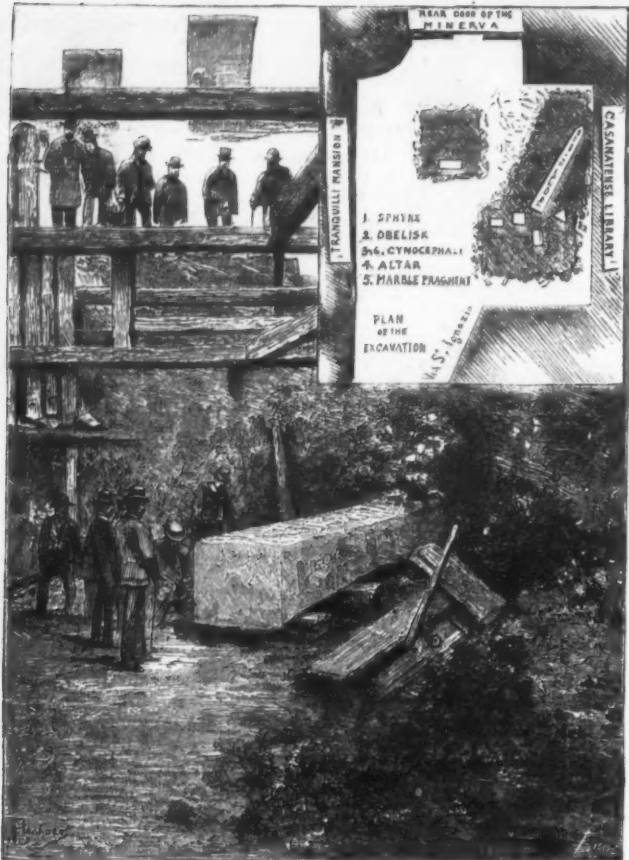
THE Parnellite members of Parliament are discussing the expediency of sending a delegation of their party to America in the interest of their cause.

A REVOLUTION is imminent in Port-au-Prince, and the city is in a state of great excitement. The revolutionary movement continues throughout Hayti.

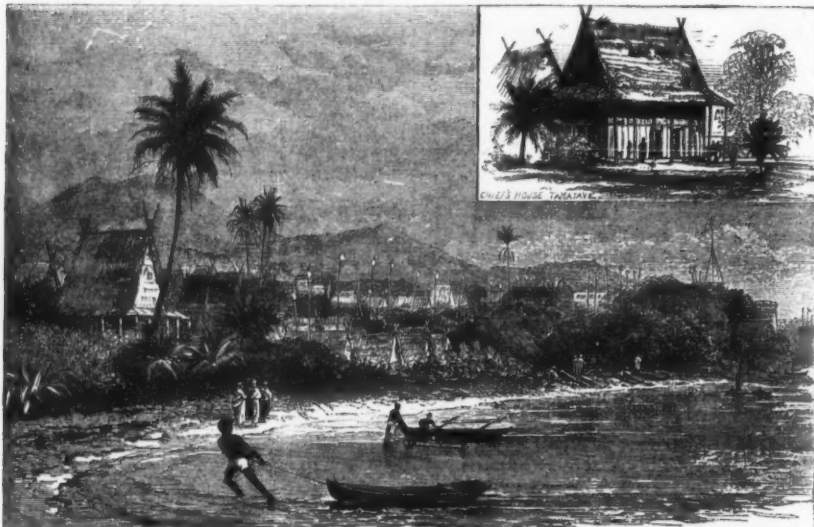
A ST. PETERSBURG dispatch says the coronation decree granting liberty of worship to dissenters only affects 1,000,000 of so-called registered dissenters. There are 14,000,000 still unrelieved of their religious disabilities.

A MEETING in favor of state-aided emigration was held in London last week, which adopted a resolution providing for the sending of 200,000 persons to Canada and other British colonies and for procuring farms for them in their new homes, the money for the purchase of the land to be advanced by the State, which is to take mortgages on the farms as security for payment. It is proposed to send 10,000 families to Canada next Spring.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 419.



ITALY.—DISCOVERY OF THE SCAVATO OBELISK AT ROME.



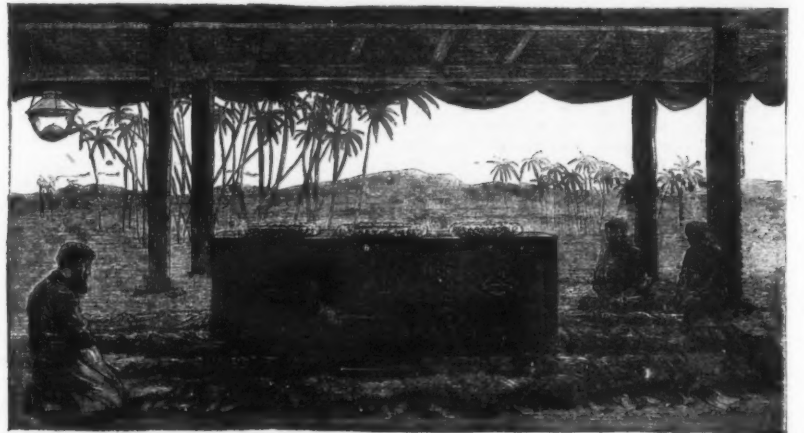
MADAGASCAR.—VIEW OF TAMATAVE, RECENTLY OCCUPIED BY THE FRENCH.



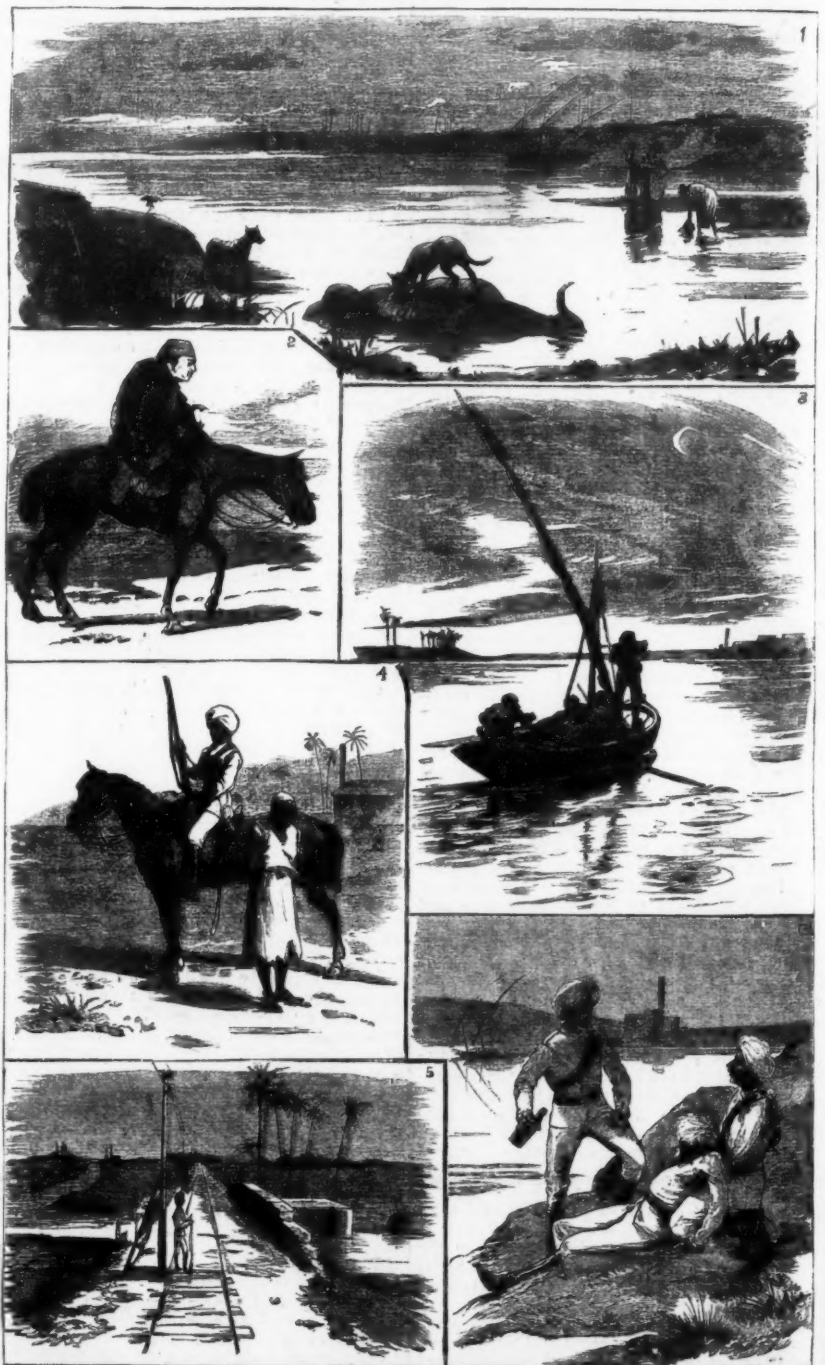
FRANCE.—MONUMENT TO COMMEMORATE THE DEFENSE OF PARIS, INAUGURATED AUGUST 5TH.



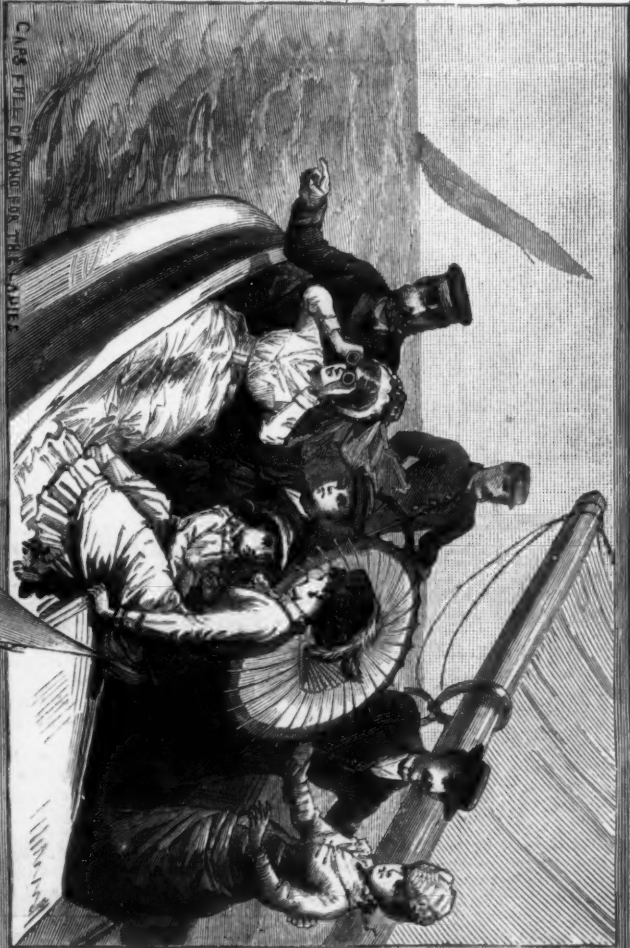
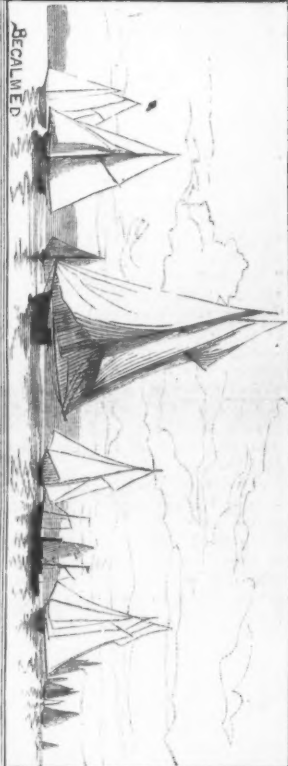
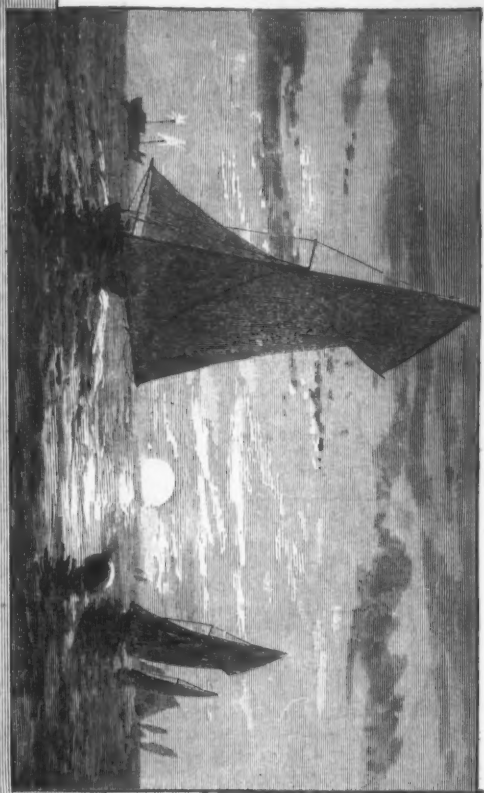
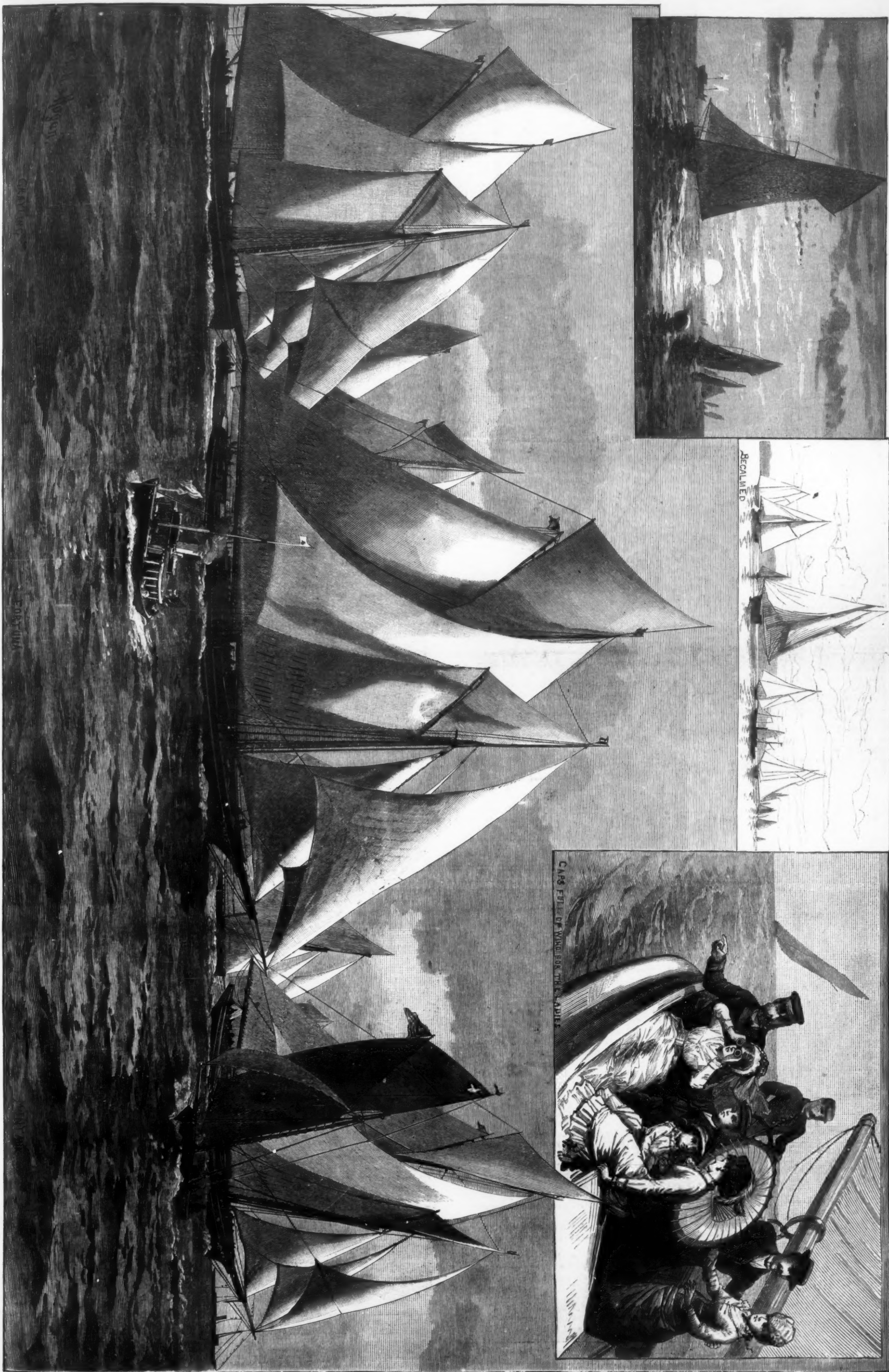
GERMANY.—THE "WAK FESTIVAL" IN HAMBURG—NAVAL REVIEW IN THE HARBOR.



THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE KING COCOBAU OF FIJI.



EGYPT.—THE SANITARY CORDON OF MOUNTED CONSTABULARY IN THE CHOLERA DISTRICTS.



AQUATIC SPORTS.—THE ANNUAL CRUISE OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—SEE PAGE 423.

LOVE'S TEST.

"YOU love him!" she slowly said;
"And what would you do
To prove the love you profess?
I will question you."

"For his sake I'd die to-day,"
She, answering, said,
"By fire or flood or sword
And rejoice to be dead!"

"He might know, then, and understand
What my love had been,
And death would be life to me
When my soul he'd seen."

"But you do not love as I,"
The other one said;
"I'd be glad to live for his sake
If I starved for bread."

"I would serve him on bended knees
From morn until night,
If he gave me no word or sign
And turned from my sight."

"I would ask not a glance or thought,
And if he loved you
I would love you for his dear sake
And pray you'd be true."

"Can your love be greater than mine,
As you, boasting, say?"
But the other grew pale and sad
As she turned away."

"It is harder to live than die
To love throughout loss;
I have cared for the crown of love—
You would take its cross."

"Your love which forgets itself,
As it stands confessed,
Shows you love him indeed," she said,
"And your love is best."

CAROLINE B. LEROW.

MARIANNE'S TRAGEDY.

BY MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

"THEY are all poor things," said Marianne, pushing aside the book. "I'll write a better one myself."

"You'll be lucky if you don't live one, Blue-Rose," called in a voice through the open window. "If ever any one was cut out before hand to make high tragedy of life, it is you."

The young girl turned and glanced over her shoulder, making a pretty, mocking gesture.

"Prophet! what makes you prophecy that?" she said, demurely.

"Many things compel me," Aubrey Lynn sat down on the low carved oak sill of the window, and taking his hat off, disclosed the pale harmony of fair, close-cut curling hair, straight features, and waving beard—the greatest contrast to that girl-face opposite him, rich with soft olive color, broad velvet cheeks and hair and eyes purplish in blue-black hue.

For sake of that rich color Aubrey Lynn had named his cousin, when first he saw her, the Blue Rose.

"The bold originality of your ideas, my Blue Rose," he went on, "and the vigor with which you express some astonishing sentiments lead me to conclude that, if possible, you will make a mess of your life. It will be all high tragedy, with yourself in the leading part. You will likewise make enemies. But of that, hereafter."

The young girl leaned back in her chair, lifted her soft, dusky arms above her head. She clasped her hands, smiling meditatively.

"I don't see how one can make a tragedy of life in these days, my cousin Aubrey," she said. "Where are the materials to be got from? The men are poor things—they smoke and try to make money—they smoke always. It is disgusting. If you ask a man to do you a service he stops first to ding away a cigarette; the women—" she paused and looked about her as if in search of some brilliant idea hiding thereabouts, but her search was evidently not successful. "The women—are poor things, too," she finished, tamely.

"I wish you would not call me your cousin," was Aubrey's sole, angry response.

"Why do you call me Blue Rose? You know how I detest the name," was the girl's retort.

"Will you compromise," he asked, eagerly. "If I give up Blue Rose, will you promise never to say Cousin again. You know we are not cousins, really—only third or fourth, and that this red line counts nothing. For purposes of consanguinity it was worn thinner than water long ago."

"Ah, well! what does it matter whether the degree is first or third, if we only feel like cousins?" The beautiful gold-brown creature fixed, with a tantalizing smile, her velvety eyes on her companion. One might have fancied she took strange pleasure in tormenting him—there were piercing stings veiled in her soft manner.

"Brother and sister could not care for each other more than we do, you know," she finished.

Aubrey gazed at her with baffled eyes. He was helpless in her hands. But presently he burst out:

"If you call me 'cousin' I never will answer you, Marianne—never. I—I hate it. I—I don't wish to be related to anybody. I detest relationships of all sorts."

He stopped. The door beyond, opening into a lofty hall, swung back, and a newcomer entered on the scene. The intruder was a man, older than the others, with a face that, clear-cut as out of yellow ivory, would nevertheless have been plain but for its look of power and for the flashing brilliancy of the great deep black eyes.

"What is the trouble, now?" asked a new voice—but what a voice. A high-hung bell

cutting wintry air may have a such sweet, clear, piercing sound. "Are you wrangling, you two?"

"It's not a quarrel yet." With rather a quelled air the gypsy turned away, gathering up her fancies. "What do you think, Jasper; here is Aubrey disclaiming me as a cousin; he thinks any tawny stain shows poorly against his blue blood."

Jasper Radcliffe fixed those luminous eyes of his, with no smile in their flash, on Marianne's face.

"Oh, indeed; but you can wait for revenge when it is your turn to cast him off."

He walked up to Aubrey, putting a gentle hand on the youth's shoulder. There was genuine love in his eyes, making them beautiful as a woman's now.

"Come, old fellow, I want your company. I've an invitation down to Creedmoor to the shooting-match. It includes you; so we must keep to our practice. Suppose we try a bout now?"

Aubrey got up readily enough, but he looked at Marianne. She did not so much as glance that way, but there was resentfulness as well as tears in the large, dark gaze she fixed on Jasper, who passed out without so much as a glance at her.

The house belonging to the estate known as Redvale, where these people dwell, was built high; it overlooked all the country about in that wild Kaatskill regions. It was an old-style house, framed in harmony with its surroundings, with gables and carved porches and lattice casements.

A place where Beauty might act its life-drama out and ever feel at home.

It was late when the gentlemen came in. The sun was going down in billows of flowing color. There was no sound about save the sound of dumb life in the woods, and of the wind and cascades in the dell.

Marianne was passing through the hall on her way up to her room when the two hunters entered. They looked black and tired—Jasper the more so, it apparently being his custom to try "ornamental shooting"—such as lying on his back and trying to shoot over his shoulder. The girl surveyed them with curling lips.

"Noble creatures!" she murmured. "I trust you have had good sport. I trust you have killed something."

Aubrey laughed, but Jasper returned her look steadily.

"Nothing but wild things, Marianne—nothing of consequence. We haven't tried our hand on anything human—anything worth the name yet."

Aubrey stared, but the girl passed on without reply, with flushing cheek. Her thoughts were busy.

"He is too sure. He needs humbling," she said to herself. "He needs being 'brought down.'"

She was late when she entered the room where they were assembled for dinner, but she was beautiful. She wore a dress of emerald green velvet, its scant folds clinging so close that her tall, slim figure seemed serpent-like in its lithe movements. In the high coils of her backward brushed hair were two small, blood-red poppies.

Aubrey looked and opened his soft, blue eyes.

"Saints above! how resplendent we are to-night!" he exclaimed.

He looked again, this time more examiningly.

"The dress is beautiful, Marianne; but the poppies I don't quite fancy the poppies. Why do you wear them? There are prettier flowers in abundance I could get for you."

"Oh, I like them," answered Marianne, with a queer smile. "The poppies suit me."

"They ought to suit you, surely," said Jasper, who had sauntered up to where the two stood on the hearth-rug. "Poppies stupy, and they can kill, if you want their service."

Fortunately, at this moment the servant announced dinner. Mrs. Lynn being a lady to whom decorum was the salt of life, wrangling before her was out of the question. They took their places at table—Aubrey opposite his mother, the other two facing each other. Marianne had not spoken again, but her blood was fiery. She had felt the sting in Jasper's soft words. The dart of keen fury was still piercing her.

"I will stupefy him," was her thought. She knows her beauty well. "He thinks he is sure. I will stupefy him."

After dinner Aubrey asked if coffee might be sent to the room called the library, because there was a billiard-table in it. He had some "work" to do. And it was thither that fate, in the course of the evening, directed Mrs. Lynn's aimless steps. She would "see what the young folks were about." Once inside the door, she stopped still, staring in angry surprise.

For the Blue Rose was smoking; she stood watching the young men at a game of billiards. They were smoking, which was nothing; but a cigarette was in Marianne's lips.

"Marianne smoking!" cried the angry lady.

"Is it possible—smoking?"

"Yes, Aunt Laura," said the culprit. "I like a cigarette after dinner. I think it is good for the stomach."

Mrs. Lynn, silent with exasperation, was meditating what next to say, when Aubrey interfered.

"Mother is right, Marianne," he said, eagerly. "It is not nice to see you smoke."

"But you smoke," said the ayren. "Why should not I, if I like? It is great fun to make the cigarettes."

"Why do you interfere, Aubrey?" now said another voice—a voice that cut across the talk of the other two like cold, keen steel. "Why should not Marianne smoke if she chooses? All the women—of a certain stamp—smoke. Lovely lips! Tobacco lends a charm to them. Be wise and interfere not."

"How you two are always wrangling," said Aubrey, pettishly. "Is it not possible for you to agree about anything? It is confoundedly unpleasant for those who have to hear it."

Marianne had turned white after her first crimson flush of rage. She stood with clinched hands.

"He does it purposely. He is always putting me in the wrong. He likes to hurt me. And it is always about you—you! If it were not for you we should be friends."

She turned and darted out of the room, leaving Aubrey standing, stricken helpless by her poisoned words.

This passed away. A few days after Aubrey came in bearing a package. He unfolded it from many wrappings, revealing at last a statue—a pretty boy, some ten or twelve inches in height.

"Is it not a beauty?" he said, to Marianne. "See how he laughs—and that wreath falling from his curls. Isn't he a jolly little fellow?"

"What is it meant for?" asked Marianne, looking.

"Don't you see? It's a Love."

"But it has no wings—it's a crippled Love?"

The artist had purposely given it the appearance of wings that had been broken close off by the shoulders. Love with wings broken and gone would be better, perhaps, than with wings crippled and trailing in the dust.

"Don't you like him?" I got it purposely for you," said Aubrey, turning to the young girl with some timidity. "Perhaps his wings will grow again."

"Oh, but I don't care about him," said Marianne, with indifference. "The house is full of such things already. One can't stir in this room now without knocking something over."

She turned her shoulder. Aubrey's handsome face flushed with mortified feeling. Then Jasper spoke:

"Poor fellow! Give him to me, Aubrey. I like such things. He shall have the place of honor in my room—over the mounted stag's-head."

"No, no! If you are going to hide him away up there, I will take him. At least, he will make a variety. I will find room for him, Aubrey," said Marianne, eagerly.

"Do; he will serve for a symbol," was Jasper's low-voiced comment. "He is Love, but he has no wings. He will grovel for ever on the earth. He will never soar."

Marianne looked her enemy steadily in the face. She patted the Cupid on the back. "Poor little fellow! He's been caught in bad company. Some cruel hunter has made a target of him and torn away his wings. I shall heal him."

And Jasper was silent, not quite perceiving what her smile meant.

And after this there was a change in the mental attitude of these people—apparently a change. If the dominant wish of Jasper Radcliffe's heart had been to make himself pleasing in Marianne's eye, he could not have rendered her more subtle homage—he could not have instilled more delicate flattery into every look and speech. If, too, there was a barb sheathed now in his suave words, the sweetest rose-and-lily essence smothered its keen sting.

It would seem that all his time, all his thoughts, were hers, to be used for her pleasure.

"You and Jasper are great friends now, are you not, Marianne?" said Aubrey, one day, when Jasper had brought her the latest book of the season from the city. It might be noticed that he had never called her the "Blue Rose" since that day when she had protested so vigorously against the term.

"Oh, yes, great friends—the best of friends," answered Marianne, readily. "Are you not glad?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Aubrey, slowly.

"Don't you think it nice—don't you think it much better to be friends than enemies?" asked the girl, pursuing the theme. If Aubrey's eyes had not yet discovered the dark form hidden by the hangings dropped over the western-looking window, she at least knew it was there. And it was to Jasper's ears she was speaking.

"Yes," once more says Aubrey, slowly. "I do think it's nicer to be friends; but hang me, if I do think Jasper is quite your friend, Marianne."

Then he colored up hotly, feeling that he had been traitorous to his friend. For of this thing he was sure, Jasper was a friend to him.

"I mean—you know, I mean to say, Jasper is the best fellow in all the world; the kindest, the strongest-hearted—one who would stand by a fellow to the death. But, somehow, for all your soft words and looks, I don't quite believe in his good will to you. And you know, Marianne, I'm fond of you."

The brave fellow's voice faltered; he could get no further. He loved both of these two so well; but Marianne, lifting her eyebrows scornfully, turned away.

"Aubrey," said Jasper, that evening, when the two young men were alone together, "I have been thinking why don't you go abroad?"

Aubrey, who had been fidgeting up and down the room, started with surprise. "Go abroad?" he repeated—"for what purpose?"

"For many purposes; for change, for amusement, to make something of your life."

"My life is well enough here," said Aubrey, coldly.

"And, then, the distinction," pursued Jasper, not heeding. "When a man occupies a special post—when he has responsibilities and commands others—he cuts a sharper outline against the world. Women, and men, too, like that."

Aubrey's eyes kindled; his color rose. Would Marianne like it for him?

"And you are lucky enough to have relations who can get you any post abroad," finished Jasper, tossing back a rolling ember on the hearth.

Aubrey did not speak at once; his thoughts were busy. To get a fine position under the

Government, abroad—in London, Berlin, in Rome—to take Marianne with him, his wife. To make her happy, and let the world see all her wondrous grace and charm of beauty! Why, he wondered he had not thought of it before. And, too, once Marianne was his wife, Jasper could not help but like her. This strange animosity would die, and the two beings he cared most for on earth, besides his mother, would be friends.

"I'll do it," he cried. "I'll set about it at once. It is a glorious plan." He put a loving hand on Jasper's shoulder, "Your plan, old fellow, too."

After that his days were dreams of glory. And he had not long to wait, as such things go. Once his name and claims presented, then followed a good deal of "wiring." He had on his mother's side a powerful Southern influence to back him. He was young, wealthy, handsome. There was a vacancy abroad—in a word, he was successful.

"And you shall go with me, Jasper," he insisted. "This is your work. You shall have a holiday and accompany me. Then what a fever you will have, hunting up odd things." He got up, walking back and forth through the long room, imagining things, while Jasper listened.

"I can fancy you, Jasper, early and late, exploring out-of-the-way unknown picture shops. You will smell deliciously of old rage and turpentine. You will haunt the stalls for old books, old manuscripts. What a fever you were in when you found that bundle of yellow old letters up in our garret. How you looked!"

Jasper Radcliffe could not, one might have thought, have looked much more death-like reading the old letters than he did now.

"Yes," he said, slowly, "it was a shock reading those. They were like flashes of lightning from my dead father's soul. They were written to one woman—poems of passion, each word weighing like gold."

A sort of pale illumination transfigured his face. His eyes gleamed with light, under which was darkness.

"My dear fellow," said Aubrey, putting an affectionate hand on the other man's shoulder, "you are tired out. I happen to know you haven't slept much for two nights. Burns tells me you wander through the grounds. You are killing yourself. Come, now, don't think of those things so much."

"Oh, I shall sleep to-night. I shall take enough chloral to insure that, and as for not thinking, why, sometimes I wake at dead of night roused by that pant of pleading passion in those letters. He pleads for very life as well as for his happiness at his false love's hands. Pauline! Pauline!"

"Was that the woman's name?" asked Aubrey.

"Pauline! Pauline! Can you not hear it? Why, a heart-chord snaps at each word."

He was getting wilder. But just then a hand put aside the curtains of the window—a flower-wreathed head, dark but bright as Love itself, appeared.

"Who is calling Pauline? That was my mother's name," said Marianne, looking in.

"How wild you look? May I come in? Are you quarreling?"

She leaned against the sash, her beauty, like some flower of dark tropic bloom, hiding a poisonous blood.

"Oh, yes, come in," exclaimed Aubrey; but Jasper, dark and wild and angry, flung a lightning glance towards her, and then walked swiftly from the room.

"Why, how strange he looks!" exclaimed the frightened girl. "Is anything the matter with him?"

"He is only a little restless. He has been working rather hard for me in this matter, and is tired out," was Aubrey's answer, given a little at random.

"Do you think—do you suppose he is—that he will be like—like his father?" whispered Marianne, shrinking closer to him. "You know he put an end to his life."

"I know," said Aubrey, who was beginning to untangle some threads of memory. "But he suffered early in life from an unhappy love; he never was the same after it. Jasper is all right."

"Of course he never will suffer from that cause," was the girl's answer, tossing her head saucily.

"Don't think of it. I'll look him up presently," was Aubrey's hasty reply. He was not quite satisfied that Jasper was "all right," after all. "You know he always has these wild moods after working hard by day and not sleeping of nights."

But later, at dusk, when he sought Jasper, his friend was not to be found. Burns had seen him "prowling about the grounds, looking quite ill." Aubrey himself, feeling quite "used up," went to Jasper's room. It was warm and still, with one wide-set, uncurtained window through which stars and moonlight streamed. At the far end was a desk, partly shaded by a rich hanging drapery from his view of the room.

Aubrey flung himself into the easy-chair before the desk. A carafe holding iced water stood there, and a half-filled glass. He was thirsty and glad of the water. So he emptied the half-filled glass at one swallow. Then he filled it from the carafe and drank it again.

"I'll wait till Jasper comes up," then said Aubrey, leaning comfortably back in his chair. Time swept on. Star and moon still through the clear stillness shone and watched solemnly. How calm the night grew. No sound, no stir.

Did angels watch there, looking down, waiting?

Jasper, coming in with softened tread, crossed the room and flung himself down on the floor prone by the open casement. His mood had softened with the softening hour. It was at such times as this that his young mother had drawn him to her knee and told him stories of the far Bible-world that haunted him even now. He could hear her soft voice, he

could see the soft flush of her cheek; she had been the angel of his darkened home in that sad youth of his when he remembered his father's presence as always something baleful, terrifying!

"Mother, mother!" he sobbed. "I will believe! You are an angel now; and there has been one good woman in the world, for you have been here. Oh, help me now—help me!"

He grew calmer. The wild fire in him died down the solace of sweet, falling tears was his. And then the strange stillness in the room seized on him, and a great awe fell about him as a mantle might, oppressing him. He could not tell how late the night was, but more than one hour had passed while he wept there.

"I'll take a few drops of the chloral now," was his thought. "Careless! I must have left it all standing there in the tumbler."

He rose and pulled the curtain by the desk side. He stopped, stood there and looked. He could not cry out, for he had no voice with which to speak.

It was the vigil of the dead Jasper had kept.

The dead! the dead! the dead!

Who shall bury them out of sight? Where is the sod deep enough to cover them from our eyes? Where is the space so wide the sound of lamentation cannot pierce and wake no sound but echo?

"I hear not the voice of my love! I sit in my grief. I wait for morning in my tears."

Jasper was ready to go; such few possessions as he wished to take with him he had gotten together. He could have carried them in a knotted handkerchief in his hand—memorials of the dead—priceless!

He was stealing silently across the grounds, when out of the stillness of a sudden Marianne's figure, clothed in black, rose; Marianne's sad eyes fronted him. A long shudder shook Jasper from head to foot; he shrank back, speechless.

"So you are going?" she said, sadly. "After all the trouble, after the ruin you have wrought, you go like this?"

He was silent; not so she. Her words ran on like flame.

"It was your work: you did it—you! But for you he would be here with us now. You thought he loved me—you came between us with gibes, with mockery of me. I did not love him, but I would have been as a sister to him always, and made him care for me as such; only you meddled—you meddled to his harm."

Jasper found tongue at length to break through this wild inconsequent flow of resentful speech. He took a step forward.

"Hush!" he cried angrily. "You are saying things you will be sorry for. You go too far."

"Too far?" Her scornful laugh was like flame in Jasper's ears. "How far did you go, Jasper? Did you care when you came between us—him and me. True, I did not love him, but you meant to harm me. Always you worked to harm me in his good, true mind. Why did you? You hated me always. Why did you hate me, Jasper?"

Her eyes were soft with tears now; their fire dead. Old letters—letters written by a hand dead and dust now—speak. "Answer this question, why did you hate me, Jasper? Then you planned to take him away, and you made me believe—oh, it was wicked—wicked—you used soft words and looks—you looked promises you would not speak—you swore oaths—in your glances that your lips did not dare make, falsely. Jasper—Jasper!"

He stood stricken—a new fire about him, torturing and kindled by his own hands. Suddenly he stirred as a man out of a trance might, looking up.

"Oh, just God!" he cried. "I never once dreamed of this. I never even thought of this, that you loved me—me! I never thought that, God knows."

Her face was dropped into her hands now. Large tears rolled from her tight-clasped fingers, dropping to the leaves where their feet stood. Jasper hesitated a moment; he looked about him—around—above—helpless! He pitied her with all his strong being, he pitied her, knowing what he knew—what was in store for her—but he would give her her choice.

"If you love me, Marianne, if you dare be my wife, then come with me."

She turned pale, but her dark eyes flashed sweet and clear of sorrowing tears once more.

"I am going," said Jasper, again. "If you dare to be my wife—come—come now!"

"As we are?" she faltered.

His look hardened. "I am Cain! What is there in this place I could take—or you? The world lies before us. Come!"

Still she glanced backward. Here was life, soft with ease, sweet with luxury, shut in from care and riotous ways, graceful and bright, made soft to tired feet and grateful to harrowed ears. Still, robbed of his presence what would even this luxury be? She loved him.

"I will go." She burst into sobs. "I am a most unhappy woman, more sinned against than sinning, Jasper. And you do not love me?"

He did not answer. He pulled her shawl up more closely about her shoulders.

"Come!" he said, simply.

And they went away together.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

THE Yellowstone National Park, to which public attention is now so generally directed on account of the President's tour, abounds in wonderful scenes, some of which are reproduced in the sketches on page 420. The Gate of the Mountains opens at Livingston, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, which is situated on the northern bank of the Yellowstone River. It consists of a gorge just wide enough to comfortably admit the road alongside the river, while on either hand the mountain walls rise precipitously to the height of 3,000 feet. The upper

falls of the Yellowstone are peculiarly beautiful. As the river descends into the gorge which ends in the falls, it is confined between banks from 200 to 300 feet in height in a channel only eighty feet across, which churns the water into creamy foam. Reaching the fall, the torrent shoots out into the air far beyond the brink, and drops in almost unbroken volume upon the deep-lying horseshoe basin 112 feet below. Dense clouds of spray and mist arise which fully veil the lower third of the cataract, and lodge upon the moss-covered walls of the basin, to return again in countless rills to the stream.

The Obsidian Cliffs, which are about a mile south of Willow Park, rise like basalt in almost vertical columns from the eastern shores of Beaver Lake. They are from 150 to 250 feet in height, and 1,000 feet in length. The volcanic glass gleams like jet, although quite opaque, and is sometimes variegated with streaks of red and yellow. At the foot of the cliffs a carriage road has been constructed of blocks of this glass.

The Norris Geyser basin is the oldest and highest in the Park, and is the first "fire hole" area encountered on entering the Park from the mammoth Hot Springs side. Its "Monarch" spouts, in regal splendor, once every twenty-four hours, a stream from 100 to 125 feet high, through three elongated orifices. The eruption continues about twenty minutes, and the flow of hot water is immense.

The Park has its natural bridge, spanning the deep gorge of a mountain torrent, which is twenty-nine feet long and wide enough to admit the passage of a carriage, though there is an aperture of several feet in the footway. From the bridge to the bottom of the ravine below there is an abrupt descent of nearly 100 feet, and the rocky walls combine with the cascades above and below to form a picture of wild beauty.

Tower Falls are situated about twenty-one miles from the mammoth Hot Springs on Tower Creek, which is a rapid, snow-fed brook, about ten miles long, emptying into the Yellowstone. Two hundred yards above this point the stream pours over an abrupt descent of 132 feet into a deep, gloomy gorge, so narrow that the sun's rays can scarcely penetrate it. The falls are surrounded by columns of volcanic breccia, rising fifty feet above them, standing like the towers upon some medieval fortress.

Kepler's cascades on the Firehole River consist of a succession of eight or ten cascades of varying height, the highest perhaps fifty feet. The water has cut a narrow channel through the basaltic rock, forming a profound cañon, through which the torrent frets and fumes in wild tumult.

The Yellowstone furnishes the fisherman a novel sensation, inasmuch as there are a number of points where it is possible to catch a trout in an ice-cold stream, and by a swing of the pole land the fish in a boiling spring near by, where it is speedily cooked and ready for the table.

SHOOTING THE ST. LAWRENCE RAPIDS.

THERE is a thrilling charm in the sense of existing danger while shooting the rapids of the St. Lawrence. The thought that the slightest mistake on the part of the pilot, the least flaw in his chain of action, the slightest deviation from the line laid down by him on the seething, foaming, madly rampant waters, would lead to the crack of doom, possesses a horrible fascination, which gradually increases as the steamer swiftly approaches the gates of this watery inferno. The scenes on board form a series of studies. The timid bride on her honeymoon trip crouches with agonized fear, a very frenzy of terror, against the deck-house, despite the rallyings of Edwin, who holds her in manful and protecting embrace. He has the lovers who value the rush through the rapids for the excuse it gives them of tender fondlings. We have the cool and ice-headed lady and gentleman, who view the leaping whirlpools with the same calmness as though they were in the orchestra stalls and witnessing the show on a well-appointed stage. We have the boisterous vulgarian, who yells and shouts and vociferates at the whirling eddies. We have the man who carefully peruses the latest edition of the newspaper, never losing a word while the steamer is flying with him over an abyss of peril. We have the elderly couple who travel but little, and to whom this experience will prove a very treasure trove for the remainder of their natural lives. We have pale faces and red, laughter and tears, terror and confidence, all portrayed during the few anxious moments of the dash down the rapids. And the sensation is delightful, wondrous, novel, electrifying.

The huge steamer *Rothsay*, which meets the train from Niagara Falls, touches at Alexandria Bay at a trifle before seven o'clock in the morning, and continuing down the accelerated tide, stops at Morris-town Park, Brockville, Ogdensburg (where passengers take the train for Lake Champlain, Lake George and Saratoga), and Massena Landing. At a point near the head of the first rapid of importance, the Long Sault, the steamer exchanges passengers with the *Prince Arthur*, a sister boat, and the latter turns sturdily down-stream and almost immediately enters the vortex of the rapid. Steam is shut off and the force controlling the steering gear is augmented. The obedient craft shoots hither and yon, turning short curves, plunging into vast stationary breakers as green as the curve of Horseshoe Fall, shaking herself free from the deluge like a water-spaniel at sport, and dashing in again. Eight or nine miles of this. Oh! it is glorious. Even the phlegmatic passenger who has had his nose between the covers of a "Seaside" all the morning catches hold upon the rail and shouts his excitement with the rest. The interludes between the several rapids include the transit of two lakes, not unlike those through which the St. John River in Florida flows. The first rapid is entered at a little after noon, and is plunged through Lachine at five, and an hour later the steamer is safely moored at her dock in Montreal. Within the past three years the St. Lawrence steamboat service has greatly improved, and now, thanks to the popular "American" line, the fine steamers *Rothsay* and *Prince Arthur* offer to tourists unsurpassed accommodations. Much of this improvement, and the consequent great increase in the popularity of the St. Lawrence line, is due to Levee & Alden, the general tourist agents, from whose head offices, 207 Broadway, New York, and branches in all important cities, travelers obtain transportation to all points of interest and pleasure resorts in every part of the country. The attractions of the St. Lawrence, with its exciting passages and pleasant resting-places, have also brought it into special favor with travelers from the West, who find this a desirable route between the lakes and prairies to the mountains and seashore. The permanent summer population of the Thousand Islands country includes a large contingent from Chicago and the principal Western cities. Out of door life in the Thousand Islands, with its amateur cooking, its fishing, its picnicking, is now at its very best, and people who have repaired thither wan and weary will return rosy and radiant, their armor riveted for the season of '83-4.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Obelisk Found in the Excavations at Rome.

The recent excavations in the rear of the Temple of Minerva, at Rome, have considerably exercised not only the eyes, but the educated people all over the civilized globe. The principal object of this priceless treasure-trove is the obelisk discovered in the Piazza de San Luigi. This wonder of ancient art is six and a half metres in height, and is sim-

ilar in design to that which stands at the adjoining fountain of the Pantheon. The characters in relief assigned it to King Ramses II., of the nineteenth dynasty—the Egyptian conqueror of so many provinces, and whom the Greeks called Sesostris. It is affirmed, although many antiquarians contest it, that the obelisk dates anterior to Moses. The obelisk has been removed from the earth of centuries, and now stands in a prominent position near the Piazza of the Roman College, an object of interest and admiration to all beholders.

Tamatave, in Madagascar.

Tamatave, recently bombarded and occupied by the French, is the principal seaport on the east coast of Madagascar. It has a population of 6,000, of whom a considerable proportion are British subjects, chiefly natives of Mauritius and the East Indies. Tamatave is about 100 miles from the capital, Antananarivo, which is supposed to have about 100,000 inhabitants, and is the largest city in the island. The bombardment and occupation of the town at first excited much uneasiness, on account of the sudden decrease of the British Consul, Mr. Pakenham, and the apprehensions lest British subjects there should be harshly treated; and British ships have been sent to that place in order to protect them. Mr. Gladstone, however, has recently stated that fuller advices from Madagascar justify the hope that no difficulty existed which could not be solved by generous and honorable dispositions, which should always exist especially between France and England.

The Monument of the Defense of Paris.

Every American visitor to Paris of fifteen years' standing will recollect the statue of Napoleon I., which occupied the circular space at Courbevoie, at the head of the Grand Army Avenue. It was not replaced, and the pedestal remained without the statue. It was not until 1879 that the Municipal Council resolved upon replacing Napoleon I. by a heroic group commemorating the superb defense of Paris. Artists were called upon for designs, and that of M. Barrias, which was exhibited in the Salon of 1881, was unanimously selected. The artist conceived the happy idea of attiring his figures in the uniform of the National Guard. The female figure is superb; she carries in one hand the national standard, with the other she protects a wounded Mobile. This charming composition has achieved a great and legitimate success from the very moment it was exposed to public gaze, and now from its present site it will command the enthusiastic admiration of all who pass up that magnificent avenue into the Bois de Boulogne.

Military Festival at Hamburg.

The good citizens of the "Venice of the North," as the free City of Hamburg has been aptly named, are full of undying patriotism, and never allow a fitting opportunity to pass without celebrating it to the honor and glory of the Fatherland; and in order to keep the "love of country" green in the hearts of the rising generation, on the 1st of July last a grand parade, military review and aquatic pageant was held to celebrate the glorious days of 1870-71. The city was *en fête*, and the citizens in their best attire. Allegorical devices filled the balconies, flags, flowers and venetian masks filled the gray old streets with vivid color, and banners with pleasing devices were borne aloft at every point along the line of procession. The procession was in every way worthy of the city and of the occasion. Immense boats, decorated with flowers, were borne on wheels through the streets, each boat representing an episode in the great struggle. Nor were the veterans of 1813-14 forgotten, for paintings were borne on stalwart shoulders, likenesses, and admirable ones, of Blücher, General York, and Theodore Körner. The greatest good humor and hilarity prevailed, and late into the night the great and joyous day was celebrated with song.

The Funeral of a Fiji King.

Our illustration of the grave of Cocobau, the ex-King of the Fiji Islands, recently deceased, gives an excellent idea of the Pagan method of burial. The coffin is shown at the mouth of the grave on a hill in Bau, which was the scene of the exploits of those twenty-seven desperadoes who, escaping from New South Wales in 1864, for thirty years, until they were all killed and eaten, exercised a remarkable sway over the cannibals. The chief mourner at the funeral was Kato Timoci, and he is awaiting the arrival of the Governor and officers of the *Miranda*. The remains were preserved in lime. The coffin was so heavy that it took fifty men to lift it. Valuable mats from Rotuma and Samoa were placed under the coffin.

The Cholera in Egypt.

The reports from Egypt show a gradual subsidence of the cholera, the deaths having steadily declined for some days past. The military cordons established by the Khédive around the afflicted villages and towns are still maintained, but are by no means effective. Our illustration shows some of the incidents which occurred in the forming of one of these cordons by a detachment of mounted cavalry composed of Turks of the country. Some members of the cordon having been seized with cholera, the cordon itself was put in quarantine, and one of the pictures represents the point—a bridge on the railway—beyond which they could not pass, and here all stores and communications from the outside world were stopped.

New Orleans as a Grain Port.

THE *Times-Democrat*, of New Orleans, insists that that city is now the second grain-exporting port in the Union. The business there still continues brisk, and promises to remain so the entire summer. For the past month the exports were about 1,317,549 bushels, and for the entire season the receipts from the interior have been 11,732,250 bushels, against 3,640,465 bushels last year—an increase of 218 per cent. In fine, the receipts of produce from the West, so far, have amounted to 460,000 tons, a handsome increase over previous seasons, and the prospect is fair that trade will continue to a much later day than usual in summer. In consequence of the present high condition of the river, which is secured for weeks to come. For that matter, it is just possible that the river route will not be closed at all to boats and barges this year by low water. Great expectations are predicated upon the Southern Pacific Railroad as a channel for the California grain trade, and these are shared by the little Texas port of Galveston, which seems to be ambitious to rival New Orleans as a great commercial port.

Death-roll of the Week.

AUGUST 3D.—At Thun, Switzerland, W. F. Rowland, United States Consul, aged 41. August 4th.—At Brooklyn, N. Y., Thomas Fry, a well-known dentist, aged 63; at Paris, France, Pierre Auguste Cot, a successful French artist, aged 46. August 6th.—At Mount Hope, N. Y., Charles Woodward, ex member of the Legislature, aged 70. August 7th.—In New York city, Charles P. Kirkland, a veteran lawyer, aged 65; at Bridgeport, Conn., Rev. Dr. Nathaniel S. Richardson, editor of the *Church Guardian*, aged 73. August 9th.—In New York city, William J. Peake, formerly leading merchant, aged 66; at Leipzig, Germany, Professor William Dindorf, an eminent philologist, aged 78; at Scranton, Pa., Mrs. Mary Lynch, aged 100 years and five months. August 10th.—At New Amsterdam, N. Y., Solomon Pulverbeath, ex-County Judge, aged 63; at Plymouth, N. H., Joseph H. Dodge, a prominent railroad man, aged 66; at London, England, Dr. Robert Moffatt, formerly missionary to Africa and father-in-law of Dr. Livingstone, aged 88.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THERE are large and brilliant crowds this season in the Continental spas.

—THE Municipal Council of Paris is about to establish the New York ambulance system.

—SWEDEN has given the degree of Doctor of Philosophy to the daughter of an army officer.

—It is stated that many members of the British Parliament will visit the United States during the coming recess.

—THE Democrats and Republicans of Hinds County, Mississippi, have met in joint convention and agreed upon a fusion ticket.

—AN estimate of the English harvest prospects shows that wheat and barley will be below an average crop; oats and potatoes, above.

—BARON NORDENSKJÖLD has discovered an ancient map in Iceland, giving a part of Greenland and parts of England and Scotland, which is considered important.

—By order of Emperor William, the proposed fete in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his assumption of the permanent regency of Prussia have been abandoned.

—THE crops of cereals throughout Europe are fairly promising. Harvesting has already commenced in England and Ireland, and the crops in Ireland are reported to be excellent.

—A CAVASS of Wisconsin newspapers shows that 113 favor high license, 17 (12 of them Democrats) favor low license or no license, and 10 (none of these Democratic) favor prohibition.

—THE *Western Lord*, the largest vessel ever built on the Mersey, was launched at Liverpool a few days ago. She is made of steel, is 450 feet long, and has accommodations for 1,350 passengers.

—A COMBINED locomotive and passenger car has been built in Philadelphia for the Austral Government to be used in the streets of Sydney. In the trial trip at Philadelphia it made a speed of fifteen miles an hour.

—CHICAGO has had a Summer School in Hebrew. Ninety persons, chiefly ministers, were in attendance. There were four recitations a day, besides a lecture each evening, and frequent conversations, with enthusiasm all the while.

—WELL-DIGGERS on a farm five miles northwest of Yates Centre, Kan., last week, at the depth of twenty feet, struck a large vein of silver ore, specimens of which were assayed and found to be very rich. Several shafts are being sunk.

—THE punishment of the lash has been adopted at Montreal for certain gross offenses which have lately become of too frequent occurrence. The first victim was a tramp who, for an act of outrage, was sentenced to receive twenty lashes on the bare back.

—AT a Chicago boarding-house, last week, twenty-seven persons, having partaken of a meal which included roast veal, ice-cream and watermelon, were seized with violent cramps, causing a cholera scare and a general stampede from the neighborhood.

—BEBIEL, an English professional swimmer, and a rival of Captain Webb, announces his intention of attempting to swim the Niagara Falls whirlpool. He says he believes he can safely breast the pool, and believes that Webb could have done it, if he had gone about it properly.

—THE Sultan was recently delighted with an exhibition by Colonel and Mrs. Boone, the American lion-tamers, who walked into a cage of lions drawn to the palace by oxen. The harem watched the performance from behind a screen, and the Sultan paid \$1,000 for his pleasure, and decorated the Boones.

—THE receipts of the first four performances of "Pariah" at Bayreuth this summer amounted to 72,000 marks, or over \$4,000 a night. All the critics agree that the performances were even better than last year, many details suggested by Wagner having been introduced, and all the vocalists having improved on their parts.

—It is said that extensive shipments of munitions of war have been made during the last eighteen months from San Francisco for China. During that period 240,000 Springfield rifles and 25,000,000 cartridges in all have been forwarded, besides from 500 to 800 bales of cotton duck suitable for tents. The total value of the war material approximates to \$5,000,000.

—THE Kentucky election last week resulted in the success of the Democratic State ticket, J. Proctor Knott, for Governor, receiving some 35,000 majority. The Legislature will stand Democrats, 80; Republicans, 20. The Senate has 30 Democrats and 3 Republicans. The General Assembly elects this winter a successor to United States Senator John S. Williams, whose term expires in March, 1885.

—THE letter of President Grévy to the Pope in answer to the communication of his Holiness relative to Church matters in France justifies the position taken by the French Government against the attacks of the clergy, and says that France has no intention of making war upon the Church. Mr. Grévy says he hopes an agreement between his Government and the Vatican will be arrived at, now that both take a stand upon the loyal observance of the Concordat.

—THE report of the State Treasurer of Vermont shows that the receipts for the year ending on the 31st ultimo were \$583,596 and the disbursements \$532,673, leaving a balance of \$50,923. The total liabilities of the State are \$221,100, including the Agricultural College fund of \$135,500, which is not due till 1890. The revenues for the coming year are estimated at \$3,000,000, including \$250,000 of corporation taxes for the support of the State, under the law of last year, which takes the place of the old general State tax.

—THE Irish National League is organizing conventions for the thirty-two counties of Ireland. These conventions will appoint committees for the four Irish provinces. The first work of importance will relate to the electoral registers. The Parliaments intend to attack both seats for Dublin. After Mr. Parnell's contemplated visit to America, and Mr. Redmond's return from Australia, a large convention will be held of the organizations of America, Australia and Canada. Sixty branches of the Irish National League are already formed in Ulster. The Irish machinery is everywhere preparing for the next general election.

—WHAT is known as the Vanderbilt railway system when completed will reach the most productive, agricultural, manufacturing and commercial territory in the country. It now consists of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, 450 miles; Lake Shore, 550 miles, double track; Canada Southern and Michigan Central, 550 miles, double track; Northwestern, 450 miles; N. & C. P., 550 miles, or a full 6,600 miles of double and quadruple track, not to speak of thousands of miles of side tracks, etc. In addition to his large interest in each one of these roads, Mr. Vanderbilt has blocks of Rock Island and Burlington stocks.



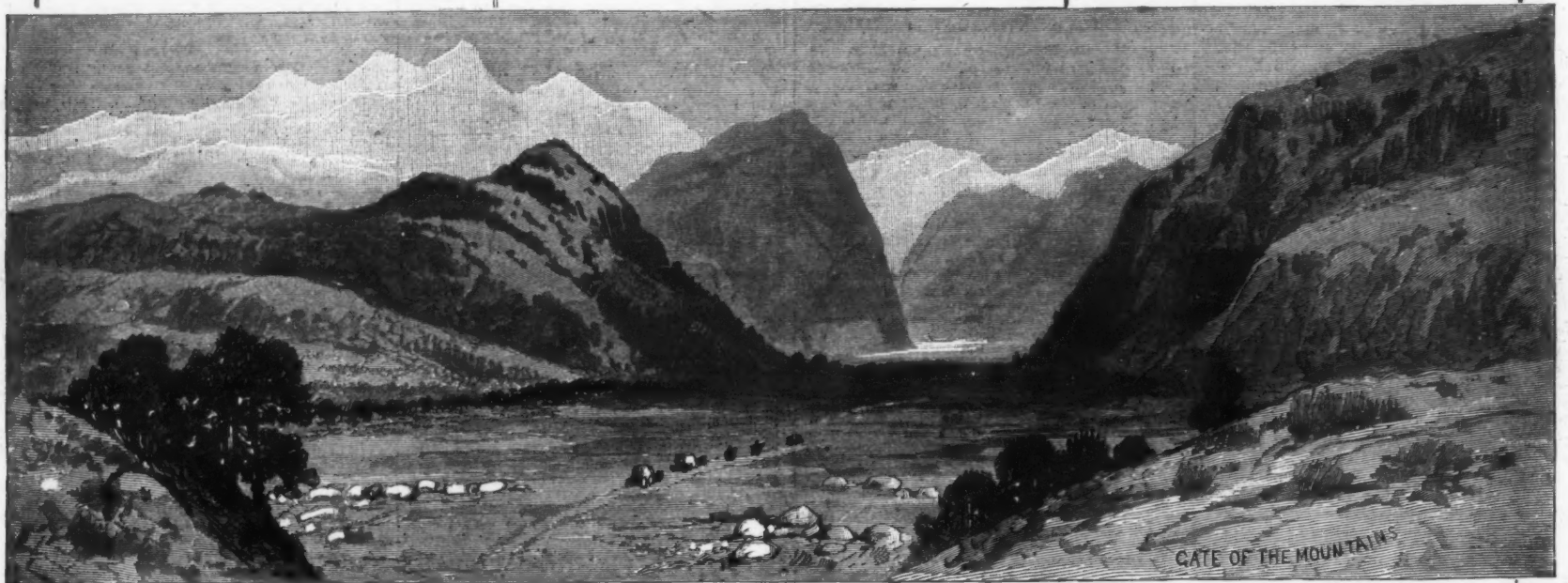
UPPER FALLS



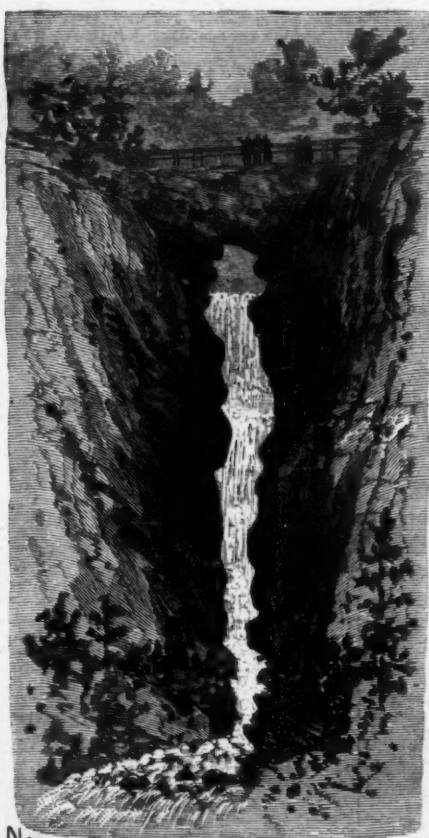
PACK MULE



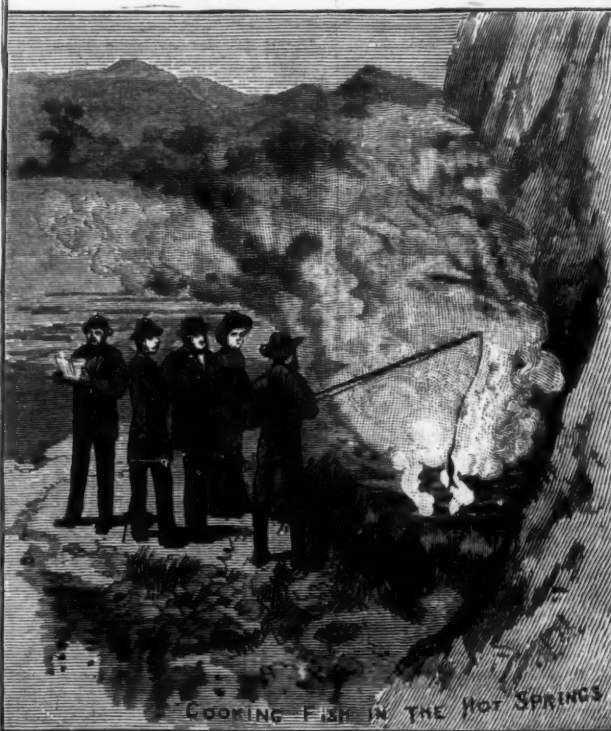
TOWER FALLS



GATE OF THE MOUNTAINS



NATURAL BRIDGE

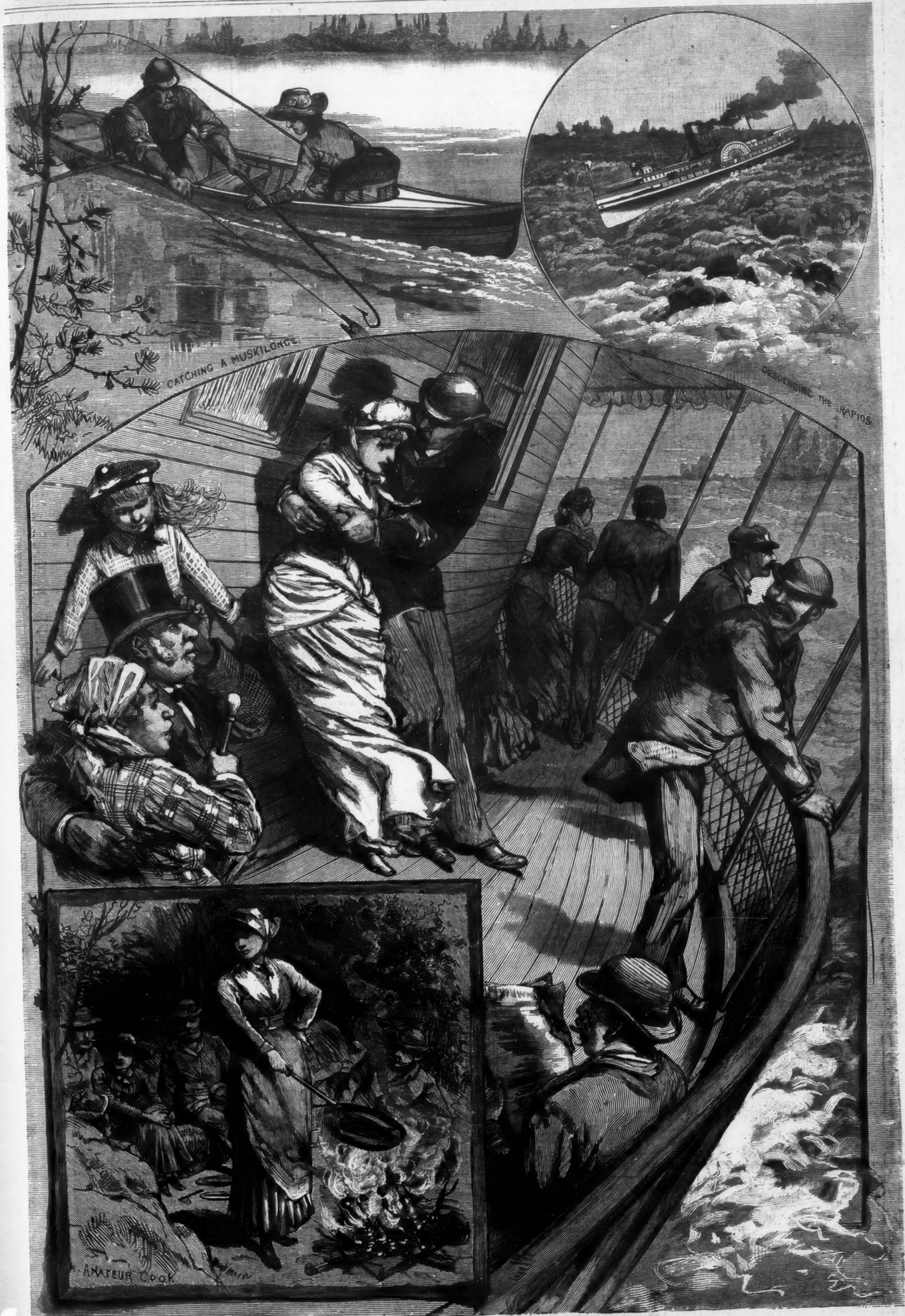


COOKING FISH IN THE HOT SPRINGS



OBSIDIAN CLIFFS

THE AMERICAN WONDERLAND.—INTERESTING SCENES AMONG THE CATARACTS, MOUNTAINS AND LAKES OF THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.—FROM PHOTOS BY W. H. JACKSON & CO., AND F. JAY HAYNES.—SEE PAGE 419.



SCENES ON THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST. SEE PAGE 419.

HAND AND RING.

(Copyright.)

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE," "THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES," "THE DEFENSE OF THE BRIDE," ETC., ETC.

BOOK III.

THE SCALES OF JUSTICE.

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE CHIEF WITNESS FOR THE DEFENSE.

"Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou." —Hamlet.

THE crowd that congregated at the courthouse the next morning was even greater than at any previous time. The opening speech of Mr. Orcutt had been telegraphed all over the country, and many who before had not been specially interested in the case felt an anxiety to hear how he would substantiate the defense he had so boldly and confidently put forth.

To the general eye, however, the appearance of the court-room was much the same as on the previous day. Only to the close observer was it evident that the countenances of the several actors in this exciting drama wore a different expression. Mr. Byrd, who by dint of the most energetic effort had succeeded in procuring his old seat, was one of these, and, as he noted the significant change, wished that Hickory had been at his side to note it with him.

The first person he observed was, naturally, the judge.

Judge Evans, who had been but barely introduced to the reader, was a man of great moral force and discretion. He had occupied his present position for many years, and possessed not only the confidence but the affection of those who came within the sphere of his jurisdiction. The reason for this undoubtedly lay in his sympathetic nature. While never accused of weakness, he so unmistakably retained the feeling heart under the official sternness that it was by no means an uncommon thing for him to show more emotion in uttering a sentence than the man he condemned did in listening to it.

His expression, then, upon this momentous morning was of great significance to Mr. Byrd. In its hopefulness and cheer were written the extent of the effect made upon the unprejudiced mind by the promised defense.

As for Mr. Orcutt himself, no advocate could display a more confident air or prepare to introduce his witnesses with more dignity or quiet assurance. His self-possession was so marked, indeed, that Mr. Byrd, who felt a sympathetic interest in what he knew to be seething in this man's breast, was greatly surprised, and surveyed, with a feeling almost akin to awe, the lawyer who could so sink all personal considerations in the cause he was trying.

Miss Dare, on the contrary, was in a state of nervous agitation. Though no movement betrayed this, the very force of the restraint she put upon herself showed the extent of her inner excitement.

The prisoner alone remained unchanged. Nothing could shake his steady soul from its composure, not the possibility of death or the prospect of release. He was absolutely imposing in his quiet presence, and as Mr. Byrd looked at him, he could not but admire the power of the man even while he recoiled from the guilt that evidently lay at its basis.

The opening of the defense carried the minds of many back to the inquest. The nice question of time was gone into, and the moment when Mrs. Clemmens was found lying bleeding and insensible at the foot of her dining-room clock fixed at three or four minutes past noon. The next point to be ascertained was when she received the deadly blow.

And here the great surprise of the defense occurred. Mr. Orcutt rose, and in clear, firm tones, said:

"Gouverneur Hildreth, take the stand."

Instantly, and before the witness could comply, Mr. Ferris was on his feet.

"Who? what?" he cried.

"Gouverneur Hildreth," repeated Mr. Orcutt.

"Did you know this gentleman has already been in custody upon suspicion of having committed the crime for which the prisoner is now being tried?"

"I do," returned Mr. Orcutt, with imperious sang froid.

"And is it your intention to save your client from the gallows by putting the halter around the neck of the man you now propose to call as a witness?"

"No," retorted Mr. Orcutt; "I do not propose to put the halter about any man's neck. That is the proud privilege of my learned and respected opponent."

With an impatient frown Mr. Ferris turned towards the judge.

"Your honor," he said, "I object to the introduction of Mr. Gouverneur Hildreth as a witness."

"Upon what grounds?" interposed Mr. Orcutt.

"Upon the ground that no man can be compelled to give testimony that will tend to criminate himself."

"Ah," was Mr. Orcutt's dry rejoinder; "I was not aware that the counsel for the prosecution had so little confidence in the merits of his case as to oppose the introduction of any man upon the witness stand on the ground that the witness might turn out to be the criminal himself."

It was a thrust keen as it was vital. Mr. Ferris felt it saw what the effect was likely to be upon a jury already predisposed towards the prisoner by the nature of the promised defense, and took a sudden resolve.

"Your honor," he exclaimed, turning with

dignity to the judge, "I must beg the indulgence of the court for a few minutes while I undertake to explain the present situation. My confidence in the merits of the case I urge against the prisoner is founded solely upon the evidence which I have already laid before you. It seems to me to be well founded; but, your honor, there was a time when I was in ignorance of these facts; when not only myself but the coroner who conducted the inquest knew of but one name in the whole range of persons connected with the deceased, that with any show of reason or probability could be considered open to suspicion as that of her murderer. This, to speak with the plainness which the subject unhappily demands, was that of the unfortunate gentleman whom Mr. Orcutt now proposes to call as a witness. To be sure, when further facts came to light and the evidence against the prisoner was submitted to my attention and that of the Grand Jury, Mr. Hildreth was discharged and a bill of indictment was found against the prisoner at the bar. Still, I would ask whether, in consideration of the past, it is fair to this gentleman or in accordance with the principles of justice, to call him up before this court as a witness, and under the pretense of furnishing evidence in favor of the prisoner, submit him to nothing more nor less than trial for a crime for which he is not indicted?"

"And I ask," interposed Mr. Orcutt, before the judge could reply, "whether in a case like this of life or death, it is fair to my client and conformable to the principles of justice, to suppress the evidence of any man who is willing to put us in possession of facts regarding this mysterious crime, which could not otherwise be obtained, and which, without the witness, may be of a character to materially benefit my client?"

"Are you ready to say they will not hurt your witness?"

"And you?" was the quick retort.

"Are you ready to say they will? If so, we had better release the prisoner and put the witness in the dock."

"That seems to be very much what you are doing," rejoined Mr. Ferris.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Orcutt, smilingly, "I am putting him in the box. My learned friend ought to know the difference."

"Well, well," exclaimed the District attorney, with a touch of his old impatience, "call him and I will object."

"I submit," said Mr. Orcutt; "but the objection, if any, must come from the witness. It is a personal privilege for him to shield himself from testifying, on the ground that his answers might tend to criminate him. If he is willing to give evidence after your suggestions as to the risk he runs in so doing, does it lie within your province to prevent him?"

"That is a question for the Court to decide." Whereupon Judge Evans, who had followed this dispute with great interest, and no small perplexity, roused himself on the bench and turned to interrogate the proposed witness.

"I do not see the gentleman," he remarked.

Instantly Mr. Hildreth, who had taken advantage of the controversy between the lawyers to retain his place in the remote corner where he was more or less shielded from the curiosity of the crowd, rose, and, with a slow and painful movement that at once attracted attention to his carefully bandaged throat, and the general air of debility which surrounded him, came hesitatingly forward and took his stand in face of the judge and jury.

Necessarily a low murmur greeted him from the throng of interested spectators who saw in this appearance before them of the man who, by no more than a hair's-breadth, had escaped occupying the position of the prisoner—another of these dramatic incidents with which this trial seemed fairly to bristle.

It was hushed by one look from the judge, but not before it had awakened in Mr. Hildreth's weak and sensitive nature those old emotions of shame and rage whose token and signal was a flush so deep and profuse it unconsciously repelled the gaze of all who beheld it. Immediately Mr. Byrd, who sat with bated breath, as it were, so intense was his excitement over the unexpected turn of affairs, recognized the full meaning of the situation, and awarded to Mr. Orcutt that full measure of admiration which his skill in bringing it about undoubtedly deserved.

Indeed, as the detective's quick glance flashed first at the witness, cringing in his old unfortunate way before the gaze of the crowd, and then at the prisoner sitting unmoved and quietly disdainful in his great pride and dignity, he felt that, whether Mr. Orcutt succeeded in getting this man's testimony before the court or not, the mere conjunction of these two men before the jury, with the opportunity for comparison between them which it inevitably offered, was the master-stroke of this eminent lawyer's legal career.

Mr. Ferris seemed to feel the significance of the moment also, for his eyes fell and his brow contracted with a sudden doubt that convinced Mr. Byrd that, mentally, he was on the point of giving up his case.

The judge alone retained his impartial demeanor.

"Mr. Hildreth," said he, in a tone of so much kindness—the unhappy young man flushed again in grateful acknowledgment of his consideration—"you have listened to what these lawyers have had to say, and probably realize, without my telling you, the full knowledge which you possess of testifying on the subject of this murder. No man can be compelled to say anything which in any way may tend to criminate himself. With this knowledge before you, are you willing to state all you know of Mrs. Clemmens and her unhappy death?—or, do you desire to avail yourself of your privilege and leave the truth to be elicited as best it may without your assistance?"

Mr. Hildreth, whose eye had been attracted to the judge by the gentleness of his accents,

looked anxiously away and let his glances traverse the whole circle of the court-room before he replied. He saw anxiety, hope, doubt, curiosity written upon many faces; but no confidence and but little encouragement. He felt himself trembling, and put his hand out to steady himself against the witness stand. As he did so, he felt the magnetism of a certain steady regard that was fixed upon his face.

It was the prisoner who was looking at him, and before his look Mr. Hildreth seemed to grow firm. As if fascinated, he surveyed the lithe head, unflinching front and quiet aspect of the man in whose defense he was at liberty to speak, and slowly but irresistibly his weaker nature took on strength from this more powerful one, till even his own handsome but somewhat uncertain features began to mirror in a vague way the expression of the man he contemplated.

Turning back to the judge, he replied, in the tones of one secretly rebelling against the fate that constrains him:

"If I should refuse to speak now, every man here would think I knew more about Mrs. Clemmens's death than I ought to. This is something I cannot endure. I had rather tell what I know a thousand times over than by my silence appear to give assent to those suspicions against myself which have been so publicly insinuated."

"Then you are willing to submit to the cross-examination which must necessarily follow upon your testifying?" repeated the Judge.

"Yes, your honor."

It was a very suddenly uttered assent, but it was an assent. The judge at once turned towards Mr. Ferris.

"Have you any further objections," he asked, "to Mr. Hildreth taking the witness stand?"

"No, your honor," was the respectful answer. "Whatever objections I have hitherto advanced were made entirely in the interest of the witness. If he chooses to speak, I shall not stop his mouth."

The witness was at once sworn.

CHAPTER XXXII.—EXPERT RUNNERS.

"Your *if* is the only peacemaker; much virtue in *if*." —As You Like It.

ORCUTT believes Hildreth to be the murderer, or, at least, is willing that others should be impressed with this belief, was the comment of Byrd to himself at this juncture.

He had surprised a look which had passed between the lawyer and Miss Dare—a look of such piercing sarcasm and scornful inquiry that it might well arrest the detective's attention and lead him to question the intentions of the man who could allow such an expression of his feelings to escape him.

But whether the detective was correct in his inferences, or whether Mr. Orcutt's glance at Imogene meant no more than the natural emotion of a man who suddenly sees revealed to the woman he loves the face of him for whose welfare she has expressed the greatest concern and for whose sake, while unknown, she has consented to make the heaviest of sacrifices, the wary lawyer was careful to show neither scorn nor prejudice when he turned towards the witness and began his interrogations.

On the contrary, his manner was highly respectful, if not considerate, and his questions while put with such art as to keep the jury constantly alert to the anomalous position which the witness undoubtedly held, were of a nature mainly to call forth the one fact for which his testimony was presumably devised. This was, his presence in the widow's house on the morning of the murder, and the fact that he saw her and conversed with her and could swear to her being alive and unhurt up to a few minutes before noon. To be sure, the precise minute of his leaving her in this condition Mr. Orcutt failed to gather from the witness, but like the coroner at the inquest, he succeeded in eliciting enough to show that the visit had been completed prior to the appearance of the tramp at the widow's kitchen-door, as it had been begun after the disappearance of the Danton children from the front of the widow's house.

This being established and impressed upon the jury, Mr. Orcutt with admirable judgment cut short his own examination of the witness, and passed him over to the District attorney, with a grim smile, suggestive of his late taunt, that to this gentleman belonged the special privilege of weaving halters for the necks of unhappy criminals.

Mr. Ferris who understood his adversary's tactics only too well, but who in this anxiety for the truth could not afford to let such an opportunity for reaching it slip by, opened his cross-examination with a vigor which showed that however desirous he had been to accord to the witness all his rights, he had not been actuated in this movement by any unworthy desire to suppress the facts or sacrifice the prisoner.

The result could not but be favorable to the defense and damaging to the prosecution. The position which Mr. Hildreth must occupy if the prisoner was acquitted, was patent to all understanding, making all and any admissions on his part tending to exculpate the latter, of a manifest force and significance.

Mr. Ferris, however, was careful not to exceed his duty or press his inquiries beyond due bounds. The man they were trying was not Gouverneur Hildreth but Craik Mansell, and to press the witness too close, was to urge him into admissions seemingly so damaging to himself as, in the present state of affairs, to incur the risk of distracting attention entirely from the prisoner.

This episode of Mr. Hildreth's examination being at an end, Mr. Orcutt proceeded with his case, by furnishing proof calculated to fix the moment at which Mr. Hildreth had made his call. This was done in much the same way as

it was at the inquest. Mrs. Clemmens's next door neighbor, Mrs. Danton, was summoned to the stand, and after her two children, the testimony of the three, taken with Mr. Hildreth's own acknowledgments, making it very evident to all who listened that he could not have gone into Mrs. Clemmens's house before a quarter to twelve.

The natural inference followed. Allowing the least possible time for the interview he had with Mrs. Clemmens, the moment at which the witness swore to having seen her alive and unhurt, must have been as late as ten minutes before noon.

Taking pains to impress this time upon the jury, Mr. Orcutt next proceeded to fix the moment at which the prisoner arrived at Monteith Quarry Station. As the fact of his having arrived there in time to take the afternoon train to Buffalo had been already proved by the prosecution, it was manifestly necessary only to determine at what hour the train was due at that spot and whether it was on time that day.

The hour was ascertained, by direct consultation with the road's time-table, to be just twenty minutes past one, and the station-master having been called to the stand, gave it as his best knowledge and belief that the train that day was on time.

This, however, not being deemed explicit enough for the purposes of the defense, there was submitted to the jury a telegram bearing the date of that same day, and distinctly stating that the train was on time. This was testified to by the conductor of the train as having been sent by him to the superintendent of the road who was awaiting the cars at Monteith; and was received as evidence and considered as conclusively fixing the hour at which the prisoner arrived at the Quarry Station as twenty minutes past one.

This settled, witnesses were called to testify as to the nature of the path by which he must have traveled from the widow's house to the station. A chart similar to that Mr. Byrd had drawn, but more explicit and nice in its details, was submitted to the jury by an actual surveyor of the ground; after which, and the establishment of other minor details not necessary to enumerate here, a man of well-known proficiency in running and other athletic sports, was summoned to the stand.

Mr. Byrd, who up to this moment had shared in the interest everywhere displayed in the defense, now felt his attention wandering. The fact is, he had heard the whistle of the train on which Hickory had promised to return to Sibley, and interesting as was the testimony given by the witness, he could not prevent his eyes from continually turning towards the door by which he expected Hickory to enter.

Strange to say, Mr. Orcutt seemed to take a like interest in that same door, and was more than once detected by Byrd flashing a hurried glance in its direction, as if he, too, were on the lookout for some one.

Meantime the expert in running was saying: "It took me one hundred and twenty minutes to go over the ground the first time, and one hundred and fifteen minutes the next. I gained five minutes the second time, you see," he explained, "by knowing my ground better and by saving my strength where it was of no avail to attempt great speed. The last time I made the effort, however, I lost three minutes on my former time. The wood road which I had to take for some distance was deep with mud, and my feet sank with every step. The shortest time, then, in three times, which I was able to make was one hundred and fifteen minutes."

Now, as the time between the striking of the fatal blow and the hour at which the prisoner arrived at the Quarry Station was only ninety minutes, a general murmur of satisfaction followed this announcement. It was only momentary, however, for Mr. Ferris, rising to cross-examine the witness, curiosity prevailed over all lesser emotions, and an immediate silence followed without the intervention of the court.

"Did you make these three runs from Mrs. Clemmens's house to Monteith Quarry Station entirely on foot?"

"I did, sir."

"Was that necessary?"

"Yes, sir; as far as the highway, at least. The path through the woods is not wide enough for a horse, unless it be for that short distance where the Forester's Road intervenes."

"And you ran there?"

"Yes, sir, twice at full speed; the third time I had the experience I have told you of."

"And how long do you think it took you to go over that especial portion of ground?"

"Five minutes, maybe."

"And, supposing you had had a horse?"

"Well, sir, if I had had a horse, and if he had been waiting there, all ready for me to jump on his back, and if he had been a good runner and used to the road, I think I could have gone over it in two minutes, if I had not first broken my neck on some of the jagged stones that roughen the road."

"In other words, you could have saved three minutes if you had been furnished with a horse at that particular spot?"

"Yes, if—"

Mr. Orcutt, whose eye had been fixed upon the door at this particular juncture, now looked back at the witness and hurriedly rose to his feet.

"Has my esteemed friend any testimony on hand to prove that the prisoner had a horse at this place; if he has not, I object to these questions."

"What testimony I have to produce will come in at its proper time," retorted Mr. Ferris. "Meanwhile, I think I have a right to put this or any other kind of similar question to the witness."

The judge acquiescing with a nod, Mr. Orcutt sat down.

Mr. Ferris went on.

"Did you meet any one on the road during any of these three runs which you made?"

"No, sir. That is, I met no one in the woods. There were one or two persons on the highway the last time I ran over it."

"Were they riding or walking?"

"Walking."

Here Mr. Orcutt interposed.

"Did you say that in passing over the highway you ran?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why did you do this? Had you not been told that the prisoner was seen to be walking when he came down the road to the station?"

"Yes, sir. But I was in for time, you see."

"And you did not make it even with that advantage?"

"No, sir."

The second expert had the same story to tell, with a few variations. He had made one of his runs in five minutes less than the other had done, but it was by a great exertion that left him completely exhausted when he arrived at the station. It was during his cross-examination that Hickory at last came in.

Horace Byrd, who had been growing very impatient during the last few minutes, happened to be looking at the door when it opened to admit this late comer. So was Mr. Orcutt. But Byrd did not notice this, or Hickory either. If they had, perhaps Hickory would have been more careful to hide his feelings. As it was, he no sooner met his colleague's eye than he gave a quick, despondent shake of the head in intimation that he had failed.

Mr. Byrd, who had anticipated a different result, was greatly disappointed. His countenance fell and he cast a glance of compassion at Miss Dare, now all afresh with a secret but slowly growing hope. The defense, then, was

him from the other side of the court-room, and realized he was being summoned to the witness-stand.

"The deuce!" he murmured, with a look at Byrd to which none but an artist could do justice.

(To be continued.)

THE SUEZ CANAL QUESTION.

THE question which has so suddenly arisen between France and England as to M. de Lesseps's monopoly in the Suez Canal involves several very abstruse points of international law not generally understood. The original concession which was granted to M. de Lesseps by the ex-Khedive of Egypt grants the sole right of making and maintaining a canal from the Bay of Pelusium to the Gulf of Suez. Doubtless, this was all M. de Lesseps asked for at the time. In the then state of English opinion the possibility of a rival undertaking was out of the question. Lord Palmerston did all in his power to prevent the construction of the canal. So great was the opposition of English writers, that an international commission was appointed by the then Khedive to take the matter into consideration. In their report they canvassed all the objections made to the scheme, and reported in favor of its feasibility. In the course of their inquiries they considered the route proposed now by Mr. Fowler, and declared against it. The concession was granted by Ismail, the late Khedive. There is some doubt whether at the date of the concession his title as an independent monarch had yet been established, as the final firman does not bear date till 1872, two years after the canal was opened, and the Sultan still claims seigniorial rights over Egypt, including the right of sanctioning or forbidding a new canal. But putting this question aside, the concession was granted for what it was worth, and the canal was built. We need not dwell on the difficulties encountered by M. de Lesseps. They are matters of history. For years the returns were slight, but about four years ago matters began to improve. Last

canal is to be constructed to the Gulf of Acaba on the Red Sea.

M. de Lesseps and the French Government maintain that the existing company has a monopoly for eighty-five years, while the English merchants contend, under the advice of eminent English counsel, that, so long as the new canal does not run from the Bay of Pelusium to the Gulf of Suez it will be no infringement of the rights guaranteed under the original concession. Meanwhile, the debate in the House of Commons has postponed rather than settled the question, and the British Government is evidently waiting until both sides show a little more disposition to be reasonable.

NEW YORK QUARANTINE PRECAUTIONS.

THE health authorities of the port of New York have been more than ordinarily vigilant during the present season in the enforcement of the quarantine regulations. Owing to the prevalence of cholera and yellow fever at many ports with which we have commercial intercourse, and the possibility of the introduction of epidemic diseases here, the medical examinations of all arriving vessels and of their passengers and crews have been especially thorough, and the result has been perfect immunity from contagious disorders. Our picture on page 413 illustrates one feature of the examination to which steamer passengers from abroad are subjected—the application of the thermometer to the tongue to discover the temperature of the body.

THE NEW YORK YACHT SQUADRON.

THESE amateur toilers of the deep have been having a good time of it. No storms, no ground swells. Dead calms succeeded by rippling breezes just sufficed to cause the snowy canvas to extend itself lazily and enable the "good ship" to glide like a swan along the water. What a charm for those who are "hardly ever" sick at sea! What consumption of edibles and getting away with iced

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. SCHUYLER COLFAX and family are spending the Summer at Lake George.

THE King of Greece is at Wiesbaden, and will stay there six weeks, to take the waters.

THE widow of the Confederate General G. J. Pillow is going to publish his autobiography, which he left in manuscript.

M. CHARLES BRUN, Minister of Marine in the French Cabinet, has tendered his resignation in consequence of ill-health.

PATTI recently received for three songs at Alfred Rothschild's soirée £600, and refused an offer of £400 by the Lady Mayor.

THE London Truth says Mme. Adelaide Ristori, the tragedienne, has announced her intention of making a farewell tour of America.

ISAAC S. KALLOCH, of miscellaneous San Francisco fame, is in Washington Territory, where, it is understood, he will remain in future.

REV. DR. GILBERT L. DE LA MATYR, of Indiana, recently a Greenback Congressman, has returned to the ministry, and will preach in Denver.

MRS. DOLLY WHITE, of Newbury, Vt., who recently celebrated her one hundredth birthday, has twin daughters seventy-two years old.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND of New York is taking a three weeks' vacation, the greater part of which will be spent in the North Woods, near his former home in Oneida County.

THE will of Tom Thumb leaves \$1,000 to the Mountain Grove Cemetery Association of Bridgeport, Conn., the proceeds of which are to be applied to the care of the bur al plot.

ALLAN ARTHUR, the son of the President, has been achieving great fame in Canada as a fisherman. One of his largest salmon, caught in the upper Cascade River, weighed forty-five pounds.

M. W. McNAIR, who was nominated for Governor by the Minnesota Democratic Convention, declines to accept the nomination, and his successor will be chosen by the State Central Committee.

WILLIAM CHAMBERS, the Edinburgh publisher, left \$100,000 for the restoration of St. Giles's, the old church in that city famous from its association with some of the most important events in Scottish Church history.

MAJOR E. A. BURKE, manager of the New Orleans Times Democrat, has been appointed Director-general of the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition, which will open in New Orleans in December, 1884.

MISS FLORENCE TOOLE, the daughter of the well known comedian, has written a play which promises to prove a hit. Miss Toole will join her father's company at Christmas, adopting the stage permanently. She has only hitherto appeared as an amateur.

SENATOR DON CAMERON writes home that he is deriving much benefit from the treatment of a celebrated English surgeon, to whose care he has committed himself. He complains, however, that a part of the treatment prescribed is total abstinence from champagne.

MRS. MARY ANN D'ACOMBE SCHARLIEB and Miss Edith Shore are the first two women to secure medical and surgical degrees from an English University. Mrs. Scharlieb is to go to Madras, and Miss Shore has been given the medical charge of the women working in the General Post Office.

GENERAL A. G. P. DODOR has given \$7,500 for the cause of education in Breathitt County, Ky., \$3,000 to be used in building an academy in Jackson, the county seat, and \$4,500 in aiding meritorious young men in obtaining an education. Other citizens in the town are to contribute to the building fund.

THE widow of Wagner seems half-crazed by grief. She has withdrawn from society, and even her father, the venerable Liszt, has been refused permission to see her. Only her son Siegfried, the favorite of Wagner, is sometimes admitted to her presence. She spends an hour each day, in rain or shine, at the great musician's grave.

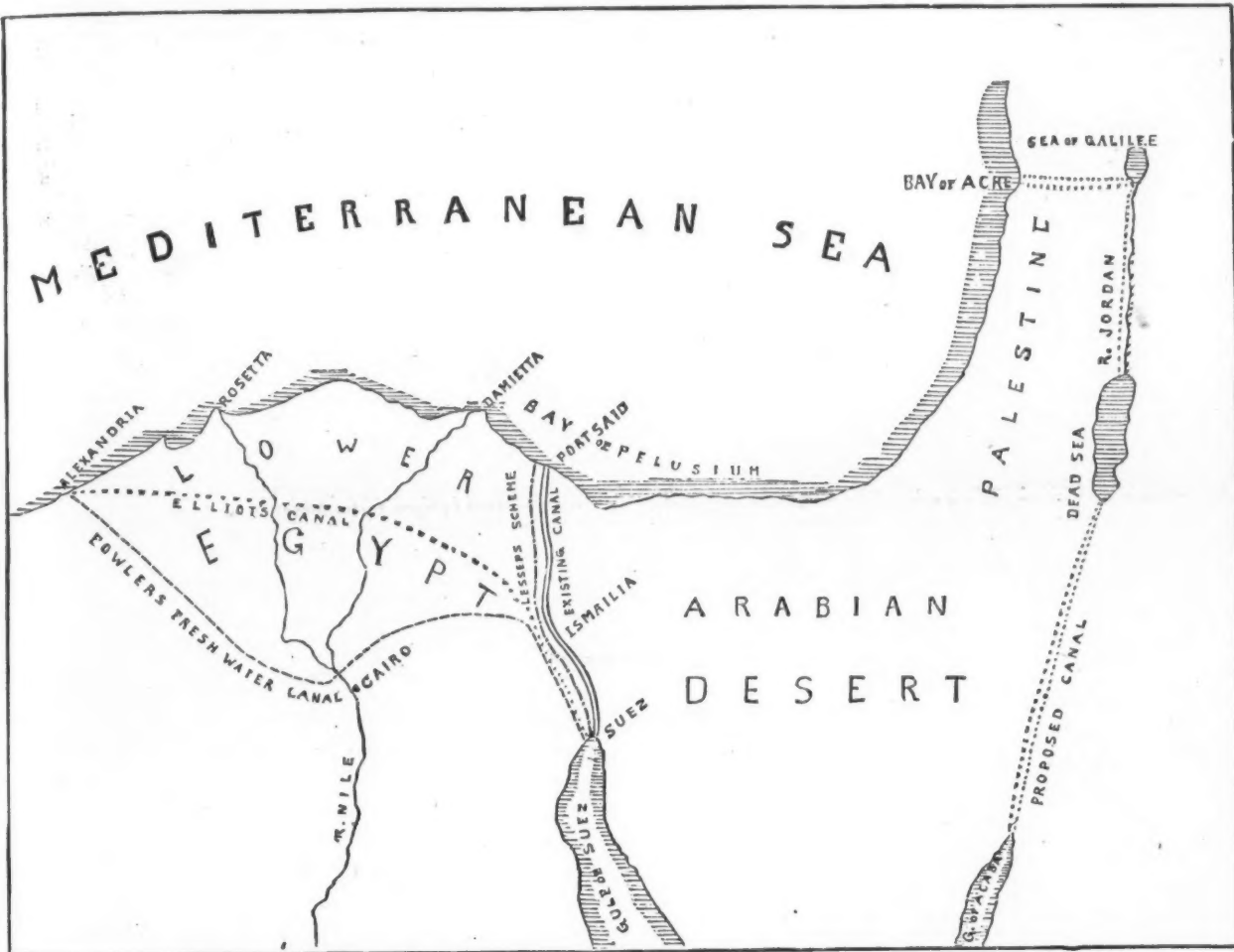
IN an humble dwelling in that part of Lock Haven, Pa., known as "The Devil's Half-Acre," lives a niece of Benedict Arnold—Mrs. Ann Roan, a widow, aged between eighty and ninety years. Although living by charity, she is of noble birth. Her paternal grandfather was a French nobleman. Her father, Major de Hass, is mentioned in history several times for his daring exploits. He married a Miss Shippen, of Philadelphia, whose sister was the wife of Benedict Arnold.

An effort has been made to create some uneasiness in respect to the personal safety of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, of England, during his approaching visit to America, it being alleged that American Invidious had decided to murder him in return for his severe sentences on the dynamite conspirators. He does not himself attach the least importance to the statement, and says he thinks he will be as safe in the care of his New York friends as he is in London.

IN spite of the combined efforts of her family and medical advisers, Queen Victoria obstinately declines to go abroad for her health, and insists on spending the Autumn at Balmoral. She is determined to be near John Brown's grave, and will make daily visits to it, contriving new testimonials of the esteem in which she holds the memory of that departed glia. Her family are exasperated at her expenditure of feeling on this subject, which begins to border closely on the ridiculous.

MINISTER LOWELL has become the standard guest in London society, and may be said almost entirely to live away from home. It has become the style to have at all London society dinners a toast to something American, generally to the President, and to secure the responses from Mr. Lowell, and such is the demand for these responses that most of the better class of dinners have to be arranged in the order of Mr. Lowell's ability to accept invitations. The wonder is how he can find anything fresh to say upon topics invariably at hand, but he manages to seldom repeat himself.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in England to honor Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, the poet, with a pecuniary testimonial of esteem, which, it is stated, will be most opportune. Mr. Tupper is now seventy-four years of age, and has been engaged in literary work for more than half a century. "One curious feature in this appeal," says the London Echo, "is the statement that, although 'Proverbial Philosophy' has had a world-wide circulation, its author has not resented that pecuniary advantage from its sale to which it is now thought to be entitled, and that this has been the case especially in America, where one and a half million copies have been sold without the author's obtaining the slightest financial benefit. We hope this appeal will touch the American."



MAP SHOWING THE PROPOSED NEW CANAL IN PALESTINE AND EGYPT.—DRAWN BY B. HARDWICK, F.R.G.S.

good, and she ran the risk of being interrogated again. It was a prospect from which Mr. Byrd recoiled.

As soon as Hickory got the chance, he made his way to the side of Byrd.

"No go," was his low but expressive salutation. "One hundred and five minutes is the shortest time in which I can get over that ground, and that by a deuced hard scramble of it, too."

"But that's five minutes gain on the experts," Byrd whispered.

"Is it? Hope I could gain something on them, but what's five minutes gain in an affair like this? Fifteen is what's wanted."

"I know it."

"And fifteen I cannot make, nor ten, either, unless a pair of wings should be given me to carry me over the river."

"Sure?"

"Sure!"

Here there was some commotion in their vicinity, owing to the withdrawal of the last witness from the stand. Hickory took advantage of the bustle to lean over and whisper in Byrd's ear.

"Do you know I think I have been watched to-day? There was a fellow concealed in Mrs. Clemmens's house, I know, who saw me leave it, and who took express note of the time I started, I have no doubt. And there was another chap hanging round the station at the quarries whom I am almost sure had no business there unless it was to see at what moment I arrived. He came back to Sibley when I did, but he telegraphed first, and it is my opinion that Orcutt—"

Here he was greatly startled by hearing his name spoken in a loud and commanding tone of voice. Stopping short, he glanced up, encountered the eye of Mr. Orcutt fixed upon

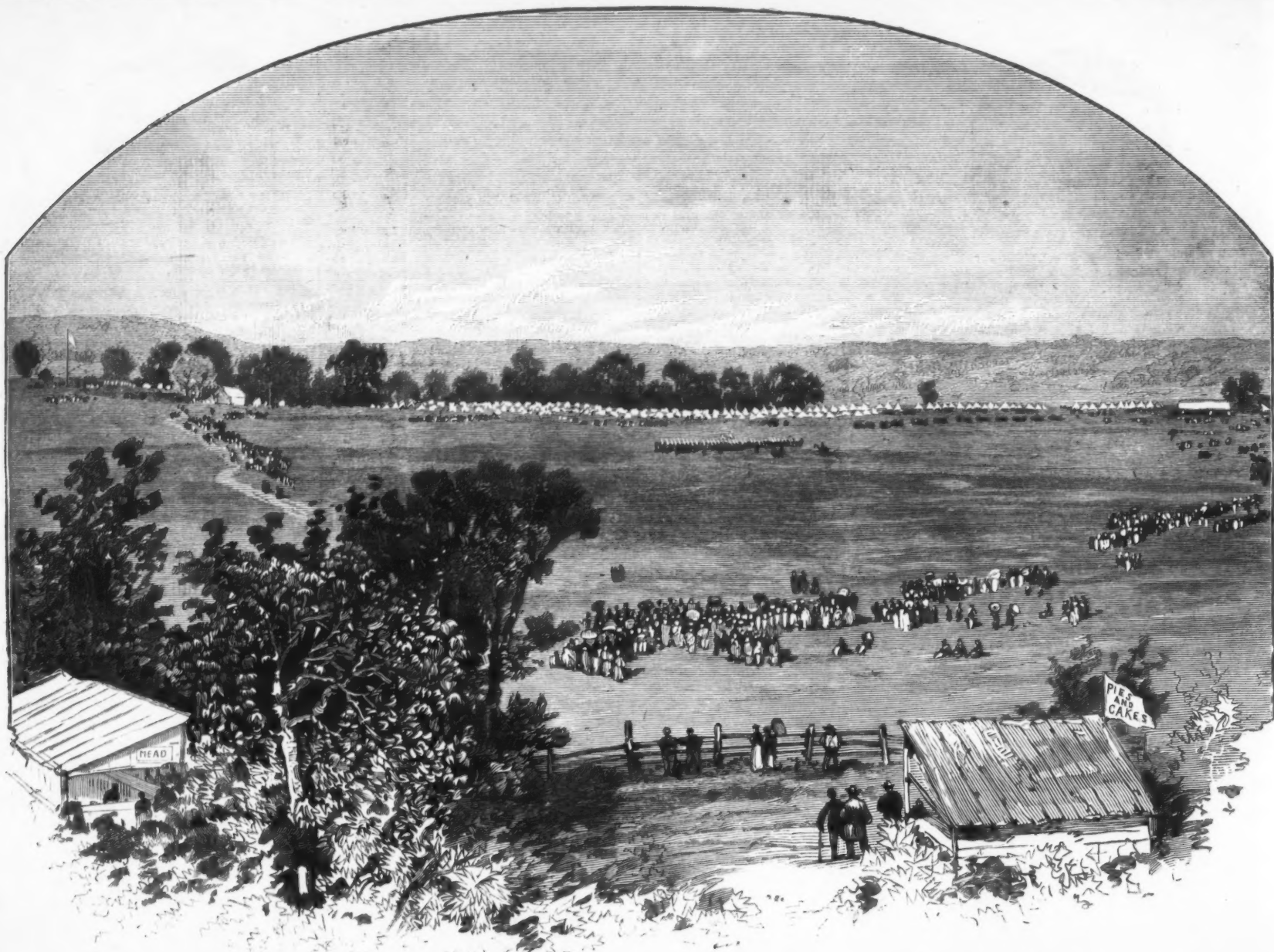
year the dividend paid was sixteen per cent. This year it is expected to be nineteen, and next year probably twenty-one. The stock has risen enormously. The original five hundred franc shares are now about two thousand five hundred francs. The objection raised by the English merchants and the Chamber of Commerce amounts to this: England owns nearly forty per cent. of the stock, and she contributes eighty per cent. of the dues, and yet all the control is vested in the French Board of Directors, and the undertaking is administered entirely in the interest of the stockholders without any consideration for the convenience of the traffic passing through the canal. But their principal grievance is that the domicile of the canal is half Egyptian, half French, so that if John Bull gets into a dispute it has to be settled either by French or Egyptian law. The deputation which recently waited on Mr. Childers made this one of their strong points. But the original concession was granted by the Egyptian Government, and, consequently, the domicile of the company by international law was Egyptian. The concession of a half-French domicile was conceded to the concessionaires as a favor to the French nation, who practically subscribed the capital.

The question of the alternative routes is the one which has excited so much ill-feeling between France and England. There are three routes proposed. One, by Mr. Fowler, the eminent engineer, whose name has so long been identified with Egypt. The second, by Mr. Elliot; and the third is the Palestine route. Mr. Fowler's scheme starts from the Port of Alexandria, and, passing through Lake Mareotis, skirts the desert and strikes the Nile at Kelyob a few miles north of Cairo. From this point it stretches northeast to Iamallia, following the line of the Sweetwater Canal, and so south to Suez, parallel with the existing waterway. Mr. Elliot's scheme diverges from Alexandria very much in the line of the existing Freshwater Canal, and crosses both the Rosetta and Damietta branches of the Nile. Either work will be of stupendous cost—the one being 240 miles and the other 200. The docks and dams required to cross the Nile will be very difficult of construction and most costly to execute. M. de Lesseps proposes either to widen the existing canal or duplicate it by a parallel work. The third alternative is the Palestine route. This is to leave the Gulf of Acra, striking inland to the Sea of Galilee. From this point the River Jordan is to be canalized to the Dead Sea, from whence a

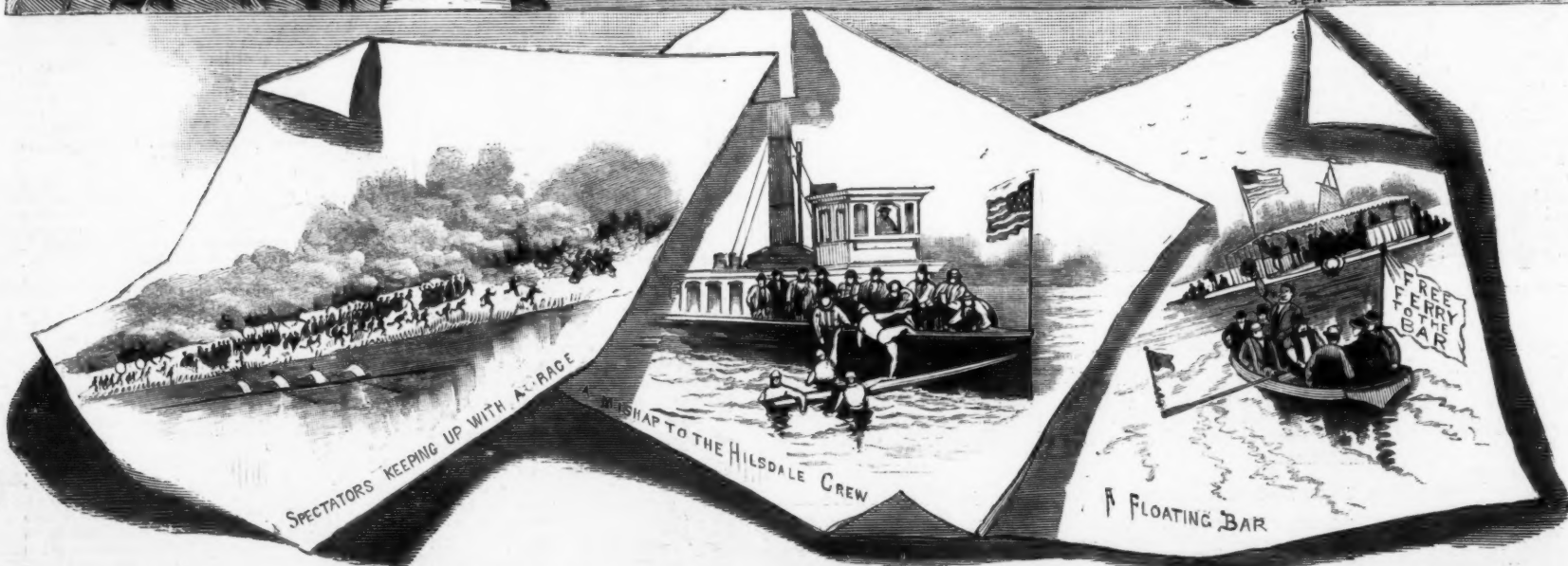
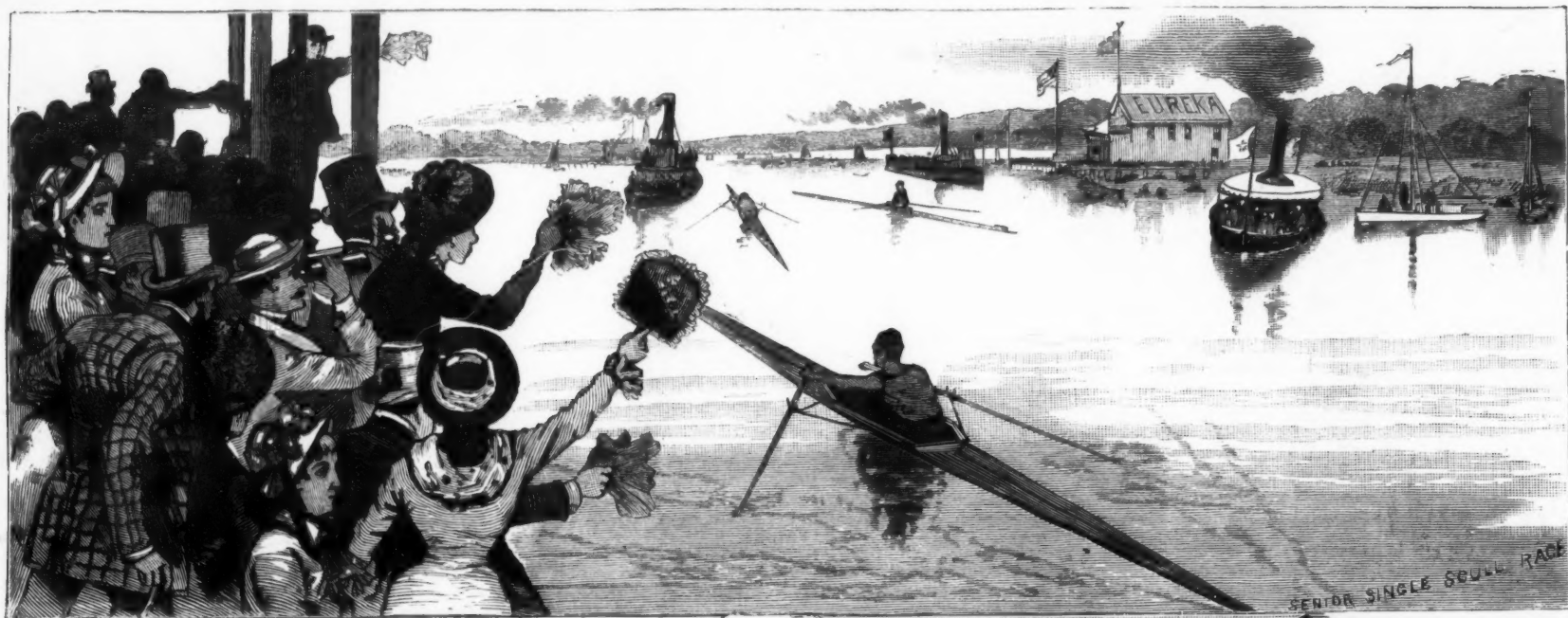
beverages fearfully and wonderfully made! At New port the squadron made a famous show, numberless yachts not sailing under its pennant making believe so to do. Commodore Smith was in his glory, and not one of the vice-commodores, flag and sailing officers but were well-up in their business. A more beautiful sight than that of the squadron lying like painted ships upon a painted ocean as they rounded Coggleshole Reef Lightship it is scarcely possible to conceive, and many a landsman of picturesque proclivities made mental resolve to start a fifty-tonner ere another August sun would glid Point Judith. At Martha's Vineyard the squadron manœuvred most creditably, and again at Cottage City, when passing out of the harbor under a light breeze. The land-lubbers of the squadron were in luck, but the "salts" who love a wet sheet and a flowing sail have been uttering big, big D's at the coyness of the storm-king. The squadron arrived at Marblehead on the 9th instant and were received with the usual honors by the Eastern squadron.

ENCAMPMENT OF PENNSYLVANIA MILITIA.

THE First Brigade of the Pennsylvania Militia is in camp this week at Camp McCall, Phoenixville. The brigade consists of the First, Second and Third Regiments, the State Fencibles, Gray Invincibles, First City Troop, and Battery A, of Philadelphia. Detachments from each body went out by the middle of last week to prepare for the encampment, and by Saturday all the tents were pitched and everything in readiness. About 2,500 men are in camp, and the rations are of the usual sort. The estimated cost for feeding the men is about twenty cents each per day. The routine of the life at the camp is as follows: Reveille, one gun, 6 A. M.; roll-calls, 6:15 A. M., 6 and 9 P. M.; breakfast, 6:30 A. M.; police call, 7 A. M.; surgeon's call, 8 A. M.; guard mount, 9 A. M.; skirmish and battalion drill, 9:30 A. M.; dinner, 12:30 P. M.; brigade manœuvres, ceremonies and reviews, during the afternoon; supper, 6:30 P. M.; retreat, one gun, sundown;attoo, 10 P. M.; tap—when all lights must be extinguished—10:30 P. M.



PENNSYLVANIA.—ANNUAL ENCAMPMENT OF THE FIRST BRIGADE, STATE MILITIA, AT PHOENIXVILLE—VIEW OF CAMP M'CALL.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 423.



NEW JERSEY.—THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF AMATEUR OARSMEN, ON THE PASSAIC, AT NEWARK, AUGUST 7TH-9TH.
FROM SKETCHES BY G. UPHAM.



NEW YORK CITY.—S. HASTINGS GRANT,
THE NEW COMPTROLLER.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOGARDUS.

SETH HASTINGS GRANT,
THE NEW COMPTROLLER OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

MR. SETH HASTINGS GRANT, recently appointed Comptroller of the City of New York, is fifty-five years of age, having been born at Utica, in this State, in 1828. His father was the late Dr. Asahel Grant, who spent several years as a missionary to the Nestorian tribes of Persia. When seven years of age, during his father's absence abroad, the son went to Illinois with a colony which founded the town of Galesburg, but he soon returned and entered the Academy at Waterville, N. Y. When about twelve years of age he again went to Galesburg, and, notwithstanding his youth, was offered the position of a teacher in the school there. In 1840 his father returned to America and placed his son in the Phillips Academy at Andover, Mass., where he remained one year, after which he came to this city and entered Princeton College, where he prosecuted his studies for three years. Then, his health breaking down, he entered the employ of a New York publishing-house, retaining it for three years. At the end of that time he was unanimously chosen Librarian of the Mercantile Library, and remained as such for seventeen years. While holding this position he was sent abroad, by the Mercantile Library Association, to visit the principal libraries, and on his return prepared the Catalogue now in use, and arranged the general working of the library. Mr. Grant finally resigned as Librarian, and went into the real estate and brokerage business. While so engaged, the Committee on the By-laws of the Produce Exchange, of which Franklin Edison was chairman, engaged Mr. Grant to codify the by-laws. When these were completed, and the Produce Exchange was reorganized, Mr. Grant was made the first superintendent. He reorganized the service of the Exchange, and was almost daily brought into communication with the 3,000 members. He held the position of superintendent for over nine years. During all this time he received and kept the deposits of all those who deal in "futures" in the Exchange. These amounted to more than \$50,000,000 yearly. When Mr. Edison was chosen Mayor he offered to Mr. Grant the position of private secretary, and it was accepted.



LIGHTHOUSE AT TAMPICO, GULF OF MEXICO, INAUGURATED
IN FEBRUARY LAST.

in recognition of the kindness received for many years at the Mayor's hands.

Mr. Grant has been for many years a member of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, and is now chairman of the Board of Deacons. He has also been the recording and corresponding secretary and vice-president of the American Bible Society. He is a Democrat, but has never identified himself with any political organization.

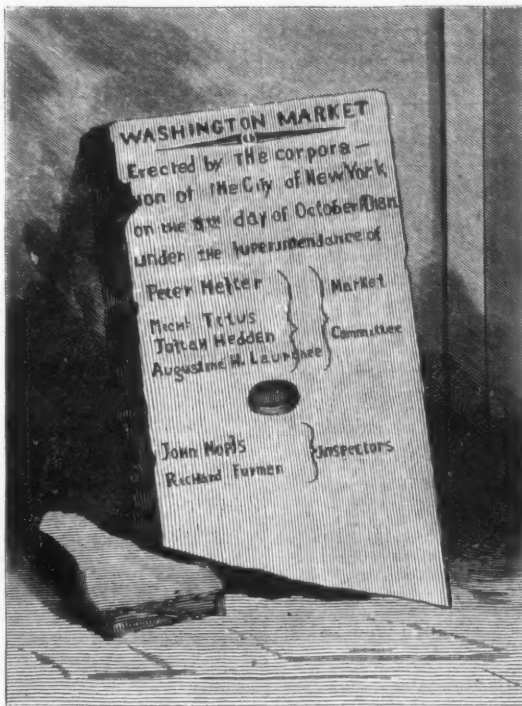
AN OLD CORNER-STONE.

IN the demolition of the old Washington Market, in New York city, which is now in progress, a workman discovered, at the southeast corner, a smooth, flat stone about four feet below the surface. On being closely examined, it proved to be the corner-stone of the structure, and it was at once placed on exhibition, attracting a good deal of attention. The stone is four feet long, two feet wide, and about five inches thick. One end is somewhat irregular, as if a piece had been

broken off in a slanting direction, but in all other respects the stone is apparently as perfect as it was on the day when it was laid. The inscription is as follows:

WASHINGTON MARKET.
Erected by the Corporation of the
City of New York,
On the 8th day of October, A. D. 1812,
Under the Superintendence of
Peter Mesier,
Michael M. Titus,
Josiah Hedden,
Augustine H. Laurence,
John Mores,
Richard Furman, } Inspectors.

In the centre of the stone there is a cup-like depression, which was covered, when the relic was discovered, by a cap of lead about eight inches wide and a quarter of an inch thick. When this leaden covering was removed, six coins were found, all of a uniform shade of green, though when a portion of the thick cake of verdigris was removed it was seen that two of the coins were of silver. A quarter of a dollar of 1806 and a half-dime of 1801, three half-cents (two bearing the date 1809 and one so incrustured with verdigris as to be indistinguishable but from the flowing hair of the figure, probably 1793), and a copper cent of 1810, comprised the collection. No documents of any kind were found. The authorities of Washington Market intend to give the stone a place of honor in the new building.



NEW YORK CITY.—CORNER-STONE OF THE OLD
WASHINGTON MARKET,
DISCOVERED IN THE DEMOLITION OF THE BUILDING.

GENERAL JOHN A. HALDERMAN,
U. S. MINISTER TO SIAM.

GENERAL JOHN A. HALDERMAN, LL.D., whose portrait is given on this page, is a native of Missouri, of which State he is now a citizen. The greater part of his life has been spent in Kentucky and Kansas, and he is honorably and conspicuously identified with the history of the latter State from its organization as a Territory up to the year 1880. Illustrating the versatility of our national character, he was in that commonwealth a lawyer, soldier and legislator, and in each of these professions he won marked distinction. President Hayes appointed him Consul at Bangkok, Siam; President Garfield promoted him to be Consul-general; and President Arthur has further advanced him to the position of Minister Resident of the United States of America in Siam. In recognition of his faithful observance of treaty regulations and of his efforts to suppress a nefarious traffic in spirits and opium under the protection and cover of the American flag, His Majesty the King of Siam has tendered to him the investiture of knighthood. Our own Government has found in General Halderman a competent and deserving officer and one who has reflected the highest credit upon American diplomacy.

Recent advices from Siam are that General Halderman has made an important journey to Tuluban, one of the native states of the Malay Peninsula. About a year ago an American ship was wrecked on the coast of Tuluban. The vessel was a total loss, but her crew was saved and treated with great kindness by the people. The Rajah of Tuluban gave them every possible assistance, and sent them free of all expense to Singapore. His generosity was made known to the American Government, and was promptly recognized; several valuable presents were sent from Washington, and General Halderman was intrusted with their delivery. The King of Siam placed a steamboat at his disposal, and on his arrival at Tuluban the American envoy was warmly welcomed. He was conveyed up the river to the capital in the Rajah's state barge, propelled by fifty Malay rowers, and followed by a procession of hundreds of canoes. During the voyage the General was seated à la Turque on an immense cushion of velvet and protected from the tropical sun by a canopy of green silk. The Rajah's palace is on the bank of the river, and here General Halderman was received with the highest honors amid an unearthly din of barbaric "music" and the shouts of thousands of people. The delivery of the presents was made on the following day, and resulted in creating the warmest friendship of the rulers and people of Tuluban towards the United States.

Through the aid of the Rajah, General Halderman examined the route of the proposed Kraw Canal, which will shorten by 1,200 miles the voyage between Eastern Asia on the one hand and India and Europe on the other. His report concerning it has not yet been made public, but it is understood to be favorable to the feasibility of the enterprise from an engineering point of view.

A FLOATING TRICYCLE.

WE give on this page an illustration of the water tricycle, invented by one Kuman, and recently tested at Brussels, in Belgium, with satisfactory results. The wheels of this tricycle are hollow, and constructed with plates which strike



GENERAL JOHN A. HALDERMAN, UNITED STATES MINISTER
IN SIAM.

against the water like the paddle-wheels of a steamboat. They are sufficiently large, resting on the water, to sustain the weight of the apparatus and that of a rider, who supplies the needed momentum by means of the pedal. The small wheel acts as a rudder. On the 28th of July, one Terry crossed the British Channel, from Dover to Calais, on a floating tricycle which was constructed wholly after the model of that which we illustrate. The entire distance of twenty miles was made in eight hours.

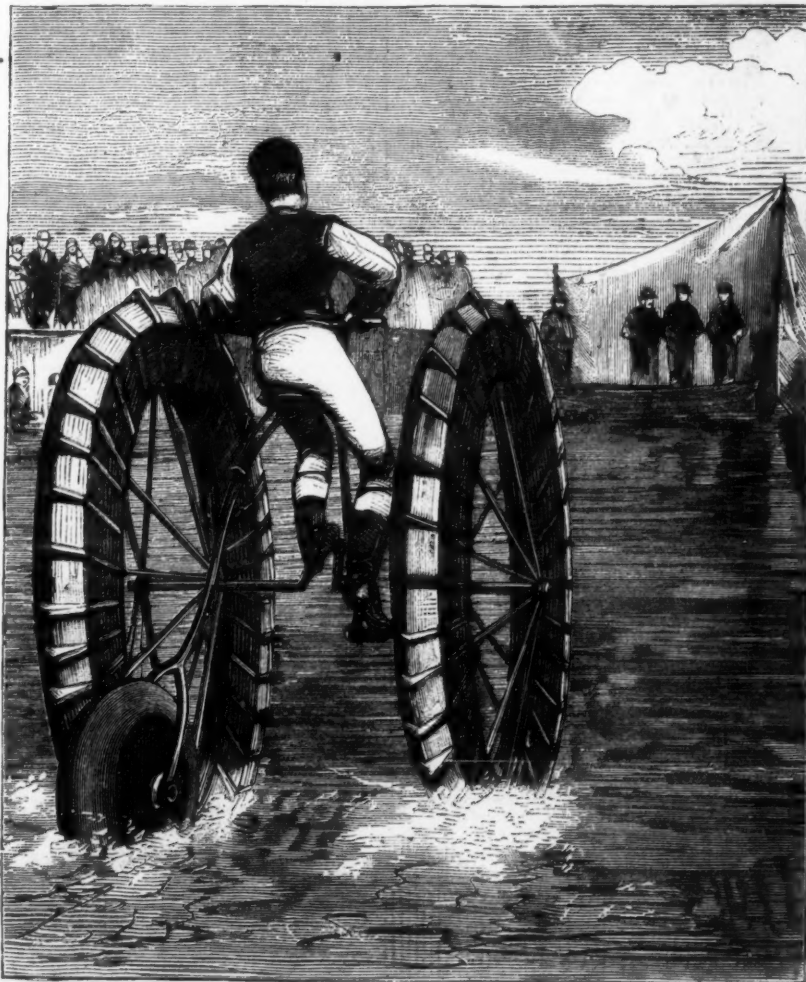
LIGHTHOUSE AT TAMPICO, GULF OF MEXICO.

THE lighthouse was inaugurated, February 5th, 1883. It is at the mouth of the river, 22 deg. 16 min. north, 98 deg. 2 min. west. The light is forty-three metres from the sea-level, and is in a skeleton frame of iron. The apparatus is dioptrical, of the second class, with a white light. The light is visible sixty miles in a clear atmosphere, and twenty-two when it is somewhat foggy. The iron-work was constructed at Pittsburgh under the superintendence of Ramon de Ibarrola, a Mexican engineer. The lighthouse rests on sand, and three years were devoted to its construction.

REGATTA OF AMATEUR OARSMEN.

THE eleventh annual regatta of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, which took place at Newark, N. J., last week, was an event of great interest in rowing circles. Nearly two hundred crack oarsmen from all parts of the country were present and participated in the contest. On both days the banks of the beautiful Passaic were lined with spectators, as many as 25,000 being present. The course, being one and one-half miles straight away, afforded unusually fine advantages to spectators to witness the entire race from any point on either bank of the river with the aid of opera-glasses. The banks slope gradually down to the water all along the course, and the foliage of maple, elm and willow trees shade the grassy shores. The scene, with the river crowded with craft of every sort, was one of the gayest imaginable.

On the first day the races were contested by the junior and senior single sculls, and four-oared senior shells. In the first heat, junior single sculls, Robert H. Bryan, of Atlanta, Ga., won in 10:7½. In the first heat, senior single sculls, Dennis J. Casey, of Boston, came in ahead by a length and a half in 9:15. The second heat, junior single sculls, was won by J. Kilron, of Cambridge, Mass., in 8:52½, the fastest single sculler's time ever made over the course, and by a junior sculler at that. He also won the final heat on the second day. The second heat of senior singles was won by John P. Buckley, of Portland, Me., but he was disqualified for a foul, and the heat was awarded to Daniel J. Murphy, of Boston; time, 9:00½. The third heat, junior singles, was captured by John Grayson, of Paterson, N. J., in 9:28¾.



AQUATIC TRAVEL ON WHEELS.—A WATER-TRICYCLE.

In the race of the four-oared service shells, the contestants were the Ottawa (Canada) Rowing Club and the Bradford, of Cambridge, Mass. The Canadians were over two lengths ahead at the mile, with the race well in hand; but, on the last half, they started very badly and their rowing was decidedly ragged. The Bradford men now began to close the gap rapidly and were soon ahead. The demoralization of the Canadian four was completed by a stupid yacht owner, who fired a gun, which was interpreted as a signal to stop at the finish. The Bradford crew made a similar mistake and stopped also, but recovered first and finished, the winners, in 8:13. In the second race for senior fours the club entering were the Wovenhocks, of Greenbush, New York; Hillsides, of Hillsdale, Michigan; and Crescents, of Philadelphia. The famous Hillsdale crew appeared with two new hands at the bows. The race was delayed by their breaking an oar, and at the start they indulged in a general foul with both of their competitors. The Crescents poked their rudder through the bow of the Hillsides shell. Before the half mile was reached they began to sink, and boat and crew were picked up by the press steamer. The Wovenhocks took the heat in 8:33. The next four-oared shell race was won by the Eureka, of Newark, N. J., in 8:16. In the third heat of senior singles, the winner was Joseph Lang, of Montreal, whose time was 8:54. The fourth heat, between the senior singles, terminated the sport for the day. It was won by John J. Murphy, of Boston, in 9:09.

On the second day the winners were as follows: In the pair-oared shell race, the Mutuals, of Albany, in 8:54; in the double-oared race, the Portland (Me.) Club, in 8:16; in the four-oared junior shell race, the Aloyons, of Elizabeth, N. J., in 8:16; in the final heat in the senior single-oared race, Joseph Lang, of Montreal, in 8:44; in the final in the four-oared senior shell race, the Eureka, of Newark, in 8:16; and in the eight oared shell race, the Metropolitan, of New York, in 7:51.

The third and final day was given up to the Consolidation Regatta for prizes offered by the Passaic River Amateur Rowing Association, winners in the regatta of the National Association being debarré.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE A GOOD THING.

DR. ADAM MILLER, Chicago, Ill., says: "I have recommended HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE to my patients, and have received very favorable reports. It is one of the very few really valuable preparations now offered to the afflicted. In a practice of thirty-five years I have found a few good things, and this is one of them."

SCOTCH MINISTER: "John, John I'm afraid you are on the broad road." *Inebriated Parishioner:* "Weel, minister, as far as I'm concerned, the breadth is a' required."

LEVE & ALDEN'S TOURIST AGENCY, 207 Broadway, N. Y., will furnish to all travelers, free of charge, complete information as to routes, tickets, time, distances, and all other data useful before beginning a journey. Their *American Tourist Gazette* is the best publication of its kind.

"BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney and Urinary Diseases. \$1.

THE PEOPLE'S WORLD-WIDE VERDICT.

BURNETT'S COCAINE has been sold in every civilized country, and the public have rendered the verdict that it is the *cheapest and best Hair Dressing in the world.*

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are invariably acknowledged the purest and the best.

SYMPER & Co., at Nos. 739 and 741 Broadway, are now offering for home adornment rare old Tapestries, Marbles, Bronzes, Sevres, Dresden, Berlin, and Oriental Porcelain, gems of cabinet-work, and a large line of Silverware, suitable for wedding and other gifts.

WELLS' "ROUGH ON CORNS." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

Do not go to the country without a bottle of ANGOSTURA BITTERS to flavor your soda and lemonade, and keep your digestive organs in order. Be sure it is the genuine ANGOSTURA, of world-wide fame, and manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

The best tooth-powder is CASWELL, MASSEY & CO.'S DENTINE. Safe, preservative and economical. 1,12, Broadway and 578 Fifth Ave.

REPAIRS TO PLUMBING.

PERSONS contemplating repairs to the drainage of their houses are advised that the DURHAM SYSTEM can be introduced without difficulty into old buildings. It is a permanent protection and adds materially to their value. Send for pamphlet to the DURHAM HOUSE DRAINAGE CO., 187 Broadway.

Over thirty-six years of uninterrupted success has been the history of Dr. Tobias' VENETIAN LINIMENT. This excellent remedy was the result of much study and experience, and was originally undertaken to cure a case of rheumatism with which the doctor had been afflicted. He made use of all the standard remedies of the day, but without avail. At last the doctor gave the subject of remedies serious attention. The result was the perfecting of the VENETIAN LINIMENT. The medicine has worked when all other remedies had failed, and has speedily cured. It is highly recommended by the proprietor for croup, colic, sprains, rheumatism, spasms, diarrhoea and dysentery and many other complaints. It is used both outwardly and inwardly, according to the nature of the disease, and in all cases with perfect safety. The LINIMENT is put up in two sizes and sold by all druggists at the reasonable price of 25 and 50 cents per bottle. Wholesale depot for the sale of Dr. Tobias' remedies, 42 Murray Street, New York.—Cincinnati Star.

"I CAN not only recall each panoramic view that I saw, but I can have my friends share with me, for I carried with me a Tourist Camera. How fortunate it was that I learned, through a perusal of the book given away by the SCOVILL Mfg Co., of New York, how easily finished pictures could be made; and that I procured one of their reliable outfits!" Established in 1892, and having a reputation at stake as makers of photographic apparatus, the guarantee which the SCOVILL COMPANY give may be depended upon.

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE. "Rough on Rats," clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

Use "Redding's Russia Salve."

BOKER'S BITTERS
THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL
Stomach Bitters.
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.
L. FUNK, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop'r,
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.



"I owe my Restoration to Health and Beauty to the CUTICURA REMEDIES."

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause. CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair. CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Sunburn, and Greasy Skin. CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers. Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, \$1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

PERFEZ alone develops and restores strength and youth. \$1. MEDICAL INSTITUTE, P. O. Box 1850, Boston.

HUNT'S REMEDY

THE BEST
KIDNEY AND LIVER MEDICINE.

NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL.
CURES all Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder and Urinary Organs; Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Pains in the Back, Loins or Side; Retention or Non-retention of Urine; Nervous Diseases, Female Weaknesses, Excesses, Jaundice, Biliousness, Headache, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation and Piles.

HUNT'S REMEDY

CURES WHEN ALL OTHER MEDICINES FAIL, as it acts directly and at once on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, restoring them to a healthy action. HUNT'S REMEDY is a safe, sure and speedy cure, and hundreds have been cured by it when physicians and friends had given them up to die. Do not delay; try at once HUNT'S REMEDY.

Send for Pamphlet to
HUNT'S REMEDY CO.,
Providence, R. I.
Prices, 75 cents and \$1.25. Large size the cheapest. Ask your druggist for HUNT'S REMEDY. Take no other.

30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE!

We send free on 30 days' trial Dr. Dye's Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances to MEN suffering from Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, and Kindred Troubles. Also for Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney Troubles, and many other diseases. Speedy cures guaranteed. Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address,
VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

Imitation Gold Watches, at \$10, \$15, \$20 & \$25 each. Chains \$2 to \$12. Jewelry of same Watch Materials. Watch Repairing. Send for circular. Collins Gold Metal Watch Factory, 335 Broadway, N. Y. P. O. Box 3096

THE AMERICAN Double Action Revolver,

32, 38 and 44 Calibres, not sold at retail by the manufacturers, but by the Gun and Hardware Trade, and our dealers in the West. Made by HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON, Worcester, Mass., also manufacturers of the celebrated Automatic Hammerless Guns.

\$60 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Me.

First Prize Metal, C. WEIS, Manufacturer of Vienna, 1875. Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale & retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 Broadway, N. Y. Factories, 69 Walker St. and Vienna. Raw meerschaum & amber for sale.

GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

GUNTHER'S C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, CHICAGO. [Refers to all Chicago.]

A sample order by express of the finest candy in America will be sent to any address for \$1, \$2, \$3, or \$5. Put up in handsome boxes, suitable for presents. Try it once.

HOW TO WIN AT CARDS, DICE, &c. A SURE THING! Sent Free to Anyone.—I manufacture and keep constantly on hand every article used by the sporting fraternity to WIN with in games of chance. Send for my mammoth circular. Address, FRANK SUYDAM, 65 and 67 Nassau Street, New York City.

PILES

Cured without the use of the knife, powder or salve. Patient suffers no pain. No charges until cured. Consultation free. Write for references. Dr. A. A. CORKINS, 11 East 29th St. Office hours 10 to 4.



SECRET OF A BEAUTIFUL FACE.

Every lady desires to be considered handsome. The most important adjunct to beauty is a clear, smooth, soft and beautiful skin. With this essential a lady appears handsome, even if her features are not perfect.

Ladies afflicted with Tan, Freckles, Rough or Discolored Skin, should lose no time in procuring and applying

LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH.

It will immediately obliterate all such imperfections, and is entirely harmless. It has been chemically analyzed by the Board of Health of New York City, and pronounced entirely free from any material injurious to the health or skin.

Over two million ladies have used this delightful toilet preparation, and in every instance it has given entire satisfaction. Ladies, if you desire to be beautiful, give LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH a trial, and be convinced of its wonderful efficacy.

Sold by Fancy Goods Dealers and Druggists everywhere.
Price, 75c. per Bottle. Depot, 83 John St., New York.

Cook's American Tourist Tickets

ALL PLACES OF INTEREST in the UNITED STATES AND CANADA,

Best Routes for Pleasure Travel.

SINGLE JOURNEY AND EXCURSION TICKETS

The White Mountains, Mt. Desert, the St. Lawrence River, Niagara Falls, Montreal, Quebec, Saratoga, Lake George, the Catskills, etc., etc.

COOK'S EXCURSIONIST for August contains maps and full particulars by mail for ten cents.

Address, THOS. COOK & SON, 261 Broadway, New York.

BRANCHES—Boston, 197 Washington St.; Philadelphia, 311 Walnut St.; St. Louis, cor. of Sixth and Pine St.; Cleveland, 212 Bank St.

\$40,000 IN PRESENTS!

GIVEN AWAY.

THIS OFFER GOOD TILL SEPTEMBER, 1893, ONLY.

The proprietors of the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE, being desirous of having their already well-known and popular Agricultural and Family paper more widely circulated and introduced into houses where it is not already known, have determined to show off all profit this year, and in addition use a portion of their capital for the sole purpose of increasing their circulation to 100,000 copies. After deciding to more extensively advertise than ever before, the following plan has been adopted by us.

FOR 50 CENTS

We will enter your name on our subscription book and mail the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE regularly to you for Six Months and immediately send a printed numbered Receipt, which will entitle the holder to one of the following Presents to be given away at our SEPTEMBER FESTIVAL.

Partial List of Presents to Be Given Away.

5 U. S. Government Bonds of \$1000.....	\$5000 00	1000 Pocket Silver Fruit Knives.....	1000 00
10 U. S. Greenbacks of \$500.....	5000 00	1000 Gents' Pocket Knives.....	1000 00
10 U. S. Greenbacks of \$100.....	1000 00	1000 U. S. Greenbacks of \$1 each.....	1000 00
1 Matched pair of Trotting Horses.....	1000 00	10 Gents' Gold Watches, English Movement.....	600 00
1 Grand Square Piano.....	800 00	10 Ladies' Gold Watches, English Movement.....	600 00
1 Grand Cabinet Organ.....	500 00	20 Boys' Silver Watches, American Movement.....	400 00
1 Three-seat Rockaway.....	500 00	5 Solitaire Diamond Finger Rings.....	400 00
1 Silver Dinner Service.....	100 00	3 Patent Harvesters.....	100 00
5 Top Buggies.....	1000 00	1 Normandy Work Horse.....	50 00
20 U. S. Greenbacks of \$5 each.....	1000 00	2500 Elegant Geograph Pictures.....	2500 00
1000 Photograph Albums \$2 each.....	2000 00	5 Raw Silk Parlor Suit Furniture.....	1000 00
5 Village Carriages.....	200 00	1400 Gold Finger Rings, Ladies' Breast Pins, Gents' Scarf Pins, Lockets, Fans and Chains.	
1 Pony Phaeton.....	100 00		

And 99,999 other presents valued from 25 cents to \$1.00, which makes a grand aggregation of 100,000 presents, thus guaranteeing a present to each and every one who subscribes who sends us 50 Cts. as directed.

All of the above presents will be awarded in a fair and impartial manner by committee chosen at the Festival by the Subscribers. This festival will take place Sept. 9th. It will not be necessary for Subscribers to attend the Festival as presents will be sent to any part of the United States or Canada. Yet it is to be hoped as many will be present as possible. THE 50 CENTS which you send us is the regular price for Six Months' Subscription, and therefore we charge nothing for the presents. OUR PROFIT will be in your future patronage, as we believe you will like our paper so well that you will always remain a subscriber.

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION FREE. Get five of your friends to join you by cutting this out and showing it to them. Send us \$2.50 and we will send you the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE for six months, and a numbered receipt for each of your subscribers and one extra for your trouble.

SEND TEN SUBSCRIBERS with \$5 and we will send 12 subscriptions and twelve numbered receipts. The offer will hold good until Sept. 1st only, as we shall limit the number of new subscriptions to 100,000. So we would advise all our friends to forward subscriptions early, as in no case will they be received later than September 1st.

THE FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE

is one of the oldest and ablest edited Family and Agricultural papers. It contains twenty large pages (Eighty Columns), including elegant cover, bound, stitched and cut. And now has a circulation of 43,000 COPIES. It contains Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Farm, Garden, Household and Agricultural Departments by the best Contributors of the day, as well as an Illustrated Fashion Department, Needle and Embroidery Work. Illustrations of different parts of the UNITED STATES and Biographical Sketches of Eminent Men and Women. In short, it contains all that will interest, instruct and amuse the whole family.

THE PROPRIETORS are men of means, who always have done as they agree, and our paper is long established and reliable, with sufficient capital to carry out and fulfill to the letter any offer we may make.

TO THOSE WHO DO NOT ATTEND THE FESTIVAL we will send a printed List of the Awards and of the Presents awarded to Holders of Receipts as they may direct. Sample Copies Free.

ONLY 50 CENTS secures the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE for six months, and a numbered receipt. The paper is worth double the subscription price. As to our reliability we refer those who do not know us to any reputable Publisher in Chicago.

Money in sums of \$5 or less may be sent in ordinary letter at our risk; larger sums should be sent by Registered Letter, P. O. money order or Express, and addressed to:

FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE, 89 Randolph St., Chicago.

REMEMBER these are Presents to our Subscribers given to them absolutely Free. Cut this out and show to friends, acquaintances and neighbors, as it will not appear again. (Postage Stamps taken in sums less than \$1.00.)

READ THESE LETTERS:

"I like to work for your paper, can do it with a good grace for I think it worthy. I say success to you." MRS. G. M. SMITH, Battle Ground, Ind.

"I think the paper worth ten times the price for a six months' subscription." JAMES DUPONT, Matanzas, Fla.

"I received your paper and am so well pleased with it that I enclose \$2 more for the same. I shall try and get more subscribers for your excellent paper." FRANK GEYER, Custer, Idaho.

"Thanks for being so prompt. Every one considers the paper the best of the kind ever offered." HENRY W. VAN DE RIFT, Mass., Ind.

"One article in your paper is worth the whole price of a year's subscription. I am glad to add my name to your list." G. D. MILLINGTON, North Bennington, Vt.

WE COULD GIVE AN UNLIMITED NUMBER SIMILAR TO THE ABOVE.

Agents Wanted.

TAKE NOTICE.
For 50c. (in stamps) 200 Elegant Scrap Pictures. No two alike. F. WHITING, 50 Nassau St., N. Y.

\$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best sell. HENRY W. VAN DE RIFT, Mass., Ind. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

OPIMUM & MORPHINE HABIT

Cured Painlessly,

By special prescription at your own home, and no publicity. Address,

DR. S. B. COLLINS, La Porte, Indiana.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address, STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

MAMMARIAL BALM restores and develops the bust. Warranted sure and safe. Price, \$1. MEDICAL INSTITUTE, P. O. Box 1850, Boston, Mass.

Splendid 150 latest style chromo cards, name on 10c. Premium with 3 pks. E. H. Pardee, New Haven, Ct.

AUTOGRAPHS WANTED

Collectors and others having Autograph Letters and Documents to sell or exchange should address BEN W. AUSTIN, Sioux City, Iowa.

ATTENTION!

Send 25 cts. silver or stamps, and receive a little book containing 15 interesting pictures, amusing. M. CARL, 281 Park Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CUT THIS OUT. WONDERFUL OFFER!

1 Pocketbook, 100 Autograph Selections, 15 pleasant games, 1 package comic cards, 5 photos of actresses, 1 gay little book containing 14 spicy pictures, 12 funny scenes, 10 samples that will bring you in more money in one week than anything else you ever done. All the above will be sent free by mail for 10 cents, silver, 3 lots for 25 cents. MAGNET PUBLISHING CO., 9 Warren Street, New York.

PORTRAITS! Agents Wanted!

I can get 5 orders daily the year round. \$2 profit on each order-outfit free. Send at once for circular and terms. SAFFORD ADAMS & CO., 48 Bond St., N. Y.

VICTOR TRICYCLES. HIGHEST CLASS WORK.—NEW FEATURES. SEND 3c. STAMP FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. OVERMAN WHEEL CO. HARTFORD, CT.

DONT BE A CLAM

CLAMS ARE NOT A PROPER MODEL FOR A HUMAN BEING TO COPY AFTER they are wedded to their old clam-like notions—they open their shells to take in their accustomed food, but they shut up very tight when anything new comes along.

FOR THEY ARE CLAMS and dont propose to allow things to penetrate their shells that were unknown to their grandfather clams and to their grandmother clams:

A Clam is not a good thing for a Housekeeper to copy after:—

A WIDE-AWAKE HOUSEKEEPER will try new ways that are endorsed by leading newspapers:—

A WIDE-AWAKE FARMER will try a Better Worker and a Hay Fork:

A WIDE-AWAKE GROCER will try a new Molasses Gate and a new Coal Oil Can, and will buy the kind of goods his customers call for. Of course a woman is NOT expected to try every new thing that is offered her; if she does she will often be duped:—But when so reliable a paper as "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper" emphatically endorses in the strongest manner every claim made for The Frank Siddalls Soap, there is certainly no excuse for not giving it one square, honest trial strictly as directed. Intelligent women are rapidly adopting new methods about their work, and those who have done so are already beginning to look down with pity on persons who are set in their old ways.

SO DONT BE A CLAM

Persons who allow articles said to be as good as The Frank Siddalls Soap to be forced on them must expect to be deceived:— See that you get what you ask for.

The Frank Siddalls Soap WILL DO everything claimed when the directions are STRICTLY followed:— Statements to the contrary are simply untrue:— SO DONT BE A CLAM.

Even a person of only ordinary intelligence will know for certain that a Soap that is excellent for the skin cannot possibly hurt clothes.

FOR LADIES TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

To the Housekeeper and her Help, to the Boarding-House Mistress and her Lady Boarders, to the Farmer's Wife and her Daughters, for the Toilet and Bath of Every Lady of Refinement, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers great advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the Skin, and in its freedom from injury to the fabric.

Among the Housekeepers of New England (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and there is no better evidence of the merits of an article than to be able to say that it meets approval in the Homes of New England.

FOR LAUNDRY AND KITCHEN USE—

JUST THINK! No Scalding or Boiling! No Smell on Wash-day! Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as if never worn! No Rough, Red Hands! Clothes remain White even if put away for years! The Soap Positively Guaranteed not to injure even the Finest Laces!

Where water or fuel is scarce remember

that with The Frank Siddalls Soap much less fuel is necessary, and a few buckets of water is enough for a large wash.

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when New! The most delicate Colored Lawns and Prints actually Brightened!

A girl of 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired!

And best of all, the wash done in less than half the usual time! Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes—it is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag Sweet and White, and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove the smell of Fish, Onions, etc., from forks and dishes. When you have a dirty dish-rag dont blame your servants; it is not their fault; for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result is a foul dish-rag; use The Frank Siddalls Soap, made of Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.

So here is the Housekeeper's Choice:

Common soap and a foul dish-rag—or Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of

FOR HOUSE CLEANING—

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike Housekeeper. Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning. Use it for Washing Paints, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; ordinary soap, as is well known, is not fit for washing glass; while The Frank Siddalls Soap is a most elegant thing for this purpose. Use it for Washing Marble Door Steps, Bureau Tops, Marble Statuary, Mantelpieces, etc.—It is the nicest thing for marble that can be imagined.

For Washing Bed-clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with Contagious and Infectious Diseases, and for washing utensils used in the Sick-room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without scalding or boiling a single article.

FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES—

Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, its ingredients being so pure and mild. Dont use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—dont even scald them—but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.

FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL—

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a scratch; the soap does not have to be rinsed off

FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION—

All perfumes are injurious to the skin; The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed, but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, that is always pleasant, even to an invalid; it never leaves any odor on the Skin; the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce; it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—a child will not dread having its face washed when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even Imported Castile Soap often causes; it always leaves the skin Soft and Smooth.

No tooth-powder or tooth-wash will compare with it.

A little on the tooth-brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean.

It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth-brush.

TRY IT FOR WASHING YOUR EYE-GLASSES AND SPECTACLES—

PERSONS WHO DESPISE A MUSTY SPONGE OR WASH-RAG will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever a Sponge has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you; it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

It is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake-water

When used for washing the head it is better than shampooing; plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair (not washed out;) it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoline, Pomade or any hair dressing. Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the Scalp:—Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer. The Frank Siddalls Soap is superior to Benzine or Ammonia for Cleaning Coat Collars, and for removing grease spots, etc., and is guaranteed not to injure the garment.

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY

at Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.

Send the retail price 10 cents in money or postage stamps. Say she saw the advertisement in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

Only send for One Cake, and make these 2 promises:

Promise No. 1—That the Soap shall be used the first wash-day after receiving it, and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.

Promise No. 2—That the person sending will personally see that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be exactly followed.

By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, postage prepaid;

it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in POSTAGE STAMPS will be put on.

All this is done for 10 cents, because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.



How to Tell a Person of Refinement.

A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a New, Easy, Clean Way of Washing Clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way.

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.

A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor.

A Person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow directions so strongly urged.

How to Tell Sensible Persons.

Sensible Persons will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

And now dont get the old wash-boiler mended, but next wash-day give one honest trial to The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

A Wash-boiler MUST NOT be used, NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER, and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash.

A Wash-boiler will always have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful Housekeeper, which injures the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap.

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it seems.

Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces. Be sure to always make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the Soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn, and stain that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron easier.

Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch; it makes the ironing easier, and the clothes handsomer. The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, or any washing compound;

Don't use Borax, Ammonia, or any other Soap on any of the wash

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in a tub of lukewarm water; draw it out on a wash-board and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it so as not to waste it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places.

Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After Soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board and THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT: turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, but DON'T use any more Soap; DON'T SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DON'T wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold for the hands, add hot water out of the tea-kettle. If a streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes.

NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, and IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRT SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinse-water (without using any more Soap) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSEKEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS.

Next, the Blue-water—which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Blueing, for this Soap takes the place of Blueing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the White Pieces, being sure to make the last rinse-water soap

The most delicate colors will not fade when washed this way, but will be the brighter.

SPECIAL PREMIUM TO THE WIVES OF GROCERS: A Most Magnificent Premium can be had by the WIFE OF EVERY GROCER IN THE UNITED STATES. The Premium is a very handsome velvet plush case, containing 6 Beautiful Heavy Plated Silver Knives and 6 Forks, manufactured specially for this purpose, and guaranteed the finest quality made. It will be given to the Wife of a Grocer even if her husband does not sell the Soap. It will be sent to her AFTER she has made a thorough trial of The Frank Siddalls Soap, and enough Soap to make the trial will be sent her FREE OF CHARGE.

Only One Cake must be sent for, but after trying it, dealers will buy it from their wholesale houses to accommodate you, or you can order direct from the Factory. You must NOT send for more than one cake; if a friend wants to try it she must send in a separate letter.

Address all Letters:—Office of THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 1019 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA